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EDITOR: Mao Tun
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Yeh Chun-chien

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Against Imperialism

No. 9, 1966

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such thing as art for art's sake, art that stands above classes or art that is detached from or independent of politics. Proletarian literature and art are part of the whole proletarian revolutionary cause; they are, as Lenin said, cogs and wheels in the whole revolutionary machine.

— Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art

Quotations From Chairman Mao Tse-tung

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— *Talk at the Young Writers and Artists' Meeting*

Chairman Mao Swims in the Yangtse

Chairman Mao Tse-tung, our great leader, once again had a good swim in the Yangtse River, braving the wind and waves on July 16, 1966.

The sky over Wuhan that day was bright and clear. Tens of thousands of people, ebullient with joy, thronged both banks of the river.

Chairman Mao had swum across the Yangtse at Wuhan three times in June 1956, and had written his magnificent and powerful poem *Swimming*—to the melody *Shui Tiao Keh Tou*. Ten years later, Chairman Mao again swam in the great river, staying in the water for 65 minutes and covering a distance of nearly 15 kilometres. It was as Chairman Mao had said in his poem:

**I care not that the wind blows and the waves beat;
It is better than idly strolling in a courtyard.**

The happy news about Chairman Mao's latest swim in the Yangtse soon spread all over Wuhan. Filled with great joy, the people of this triple city, men and women and old and young, passed on the word: "Our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao is so very healthy. This is the greatest happiness for the entire Chinese people and for the revolutionary people of the whole world!"

Acting in accordance with Chairman Mao's instruction to go and swim in the big rivers and seas to steel themselves, 5,000 swimmers in Wuhan, following the course charted by Chairman Mao, enthusiastically took part in the 11th Cross-Yangtse Swimming Competition on the morning of July 16. Our great leader arrived in a launch and reviewed the competitors. It was a tremendous inspiration to all the people of Wuhan.

The waters of the river seemed to be smiling that day. Cheering crowds lined both banks which were decorated with colourful banners and huge posters with slogans. It was a festive scene, with the people immersed in deep joy.

At 9:20 in the morning, the strains of *The East Is Red*, a song in praise of our esteemed and beloved leader Chairman Mao, came through the loudspeakers on both banks, stirring the hearts of everyone on the spot. They thought to themselves: It was Chairman Mao who opened a broad, smooth path on the Yangtse for us. How fine it would be if he could come today and see us cross the river!

Chairman Mao is the red sun in our hearts and is with us for ever. Just as the competition started, a fast launch cut through the waves and sailed towards the swimmers from the east where the sun was rising. At that moment, one of the swimmers first caught sight of the great leader on the launch. Hardly able to contain his joy, he immediately shouted out: "Chairman Mao has arrived! Long live Chairman Mao!" Instantly, the swimmers, holding hundreds of red banners high above the water, swam towards Chairman Mao. The eyes of thousands upon thousands of people on the banks and in the river, which became red with the reflections of the banners, were turned on Chairman Mao! They all expressed the same wish: May our great Chairman Mao live ten thousand years! And they



all shouted in one voice from their hearts: Long live Chairman Mao! Simultaneously with the cheers, all the ships at anchor sounded their whistles in honour of the great leader. Cheers intermingled with whistles to form a thunderous roar which shook the sky over Wuhan.

Radiant with vigour and in buoyant spirits, Chairman Mao stood on the deck and reviewed the large number of swimmers battling the waves. At that moment, the swimmers formed a Great Wall on the wide river, cleft the waves and valiantly forged ahead, some holding red banners high and others advancing with big boards inscribed with quotations from Chairman Mao's works which read: **"Unity, alertness, earnestness and liveliness"**; **"The imperialists are bullying us in such a manner that we have to deal with them seriously"**; **"Be resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, surmount every difficulty to win victory."** Chairman Mao was filled with great joy to see that the swimmers were fired with such revolutionary spirit, so firm in their determination and so strong in their fighting will. Now walking to the starboard and now to the port side, he waved to the swimmers amid enthusiastic cheers and called out to them in a loud voice: **"Greetings, comrades! Long live you comrades!"**

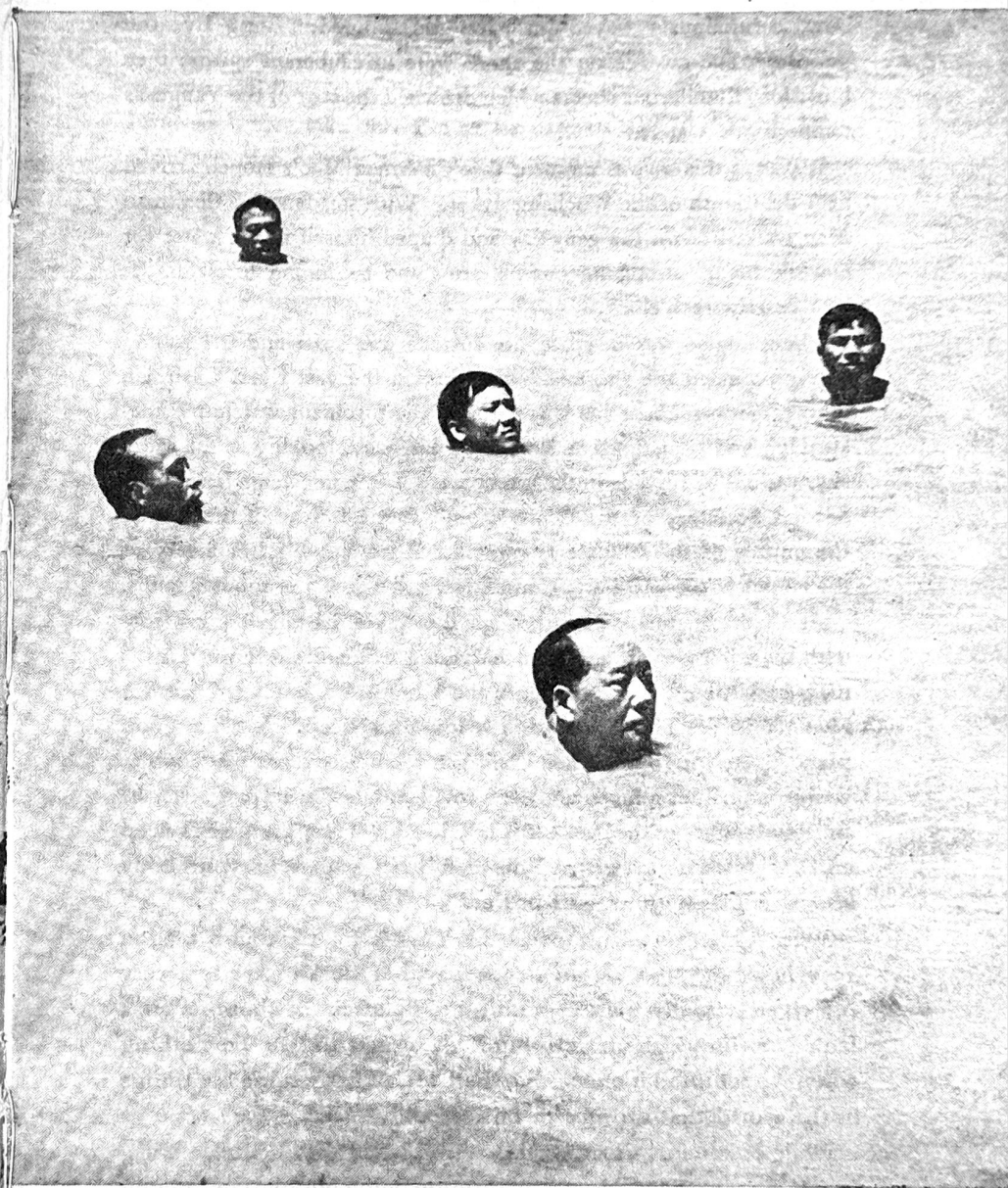
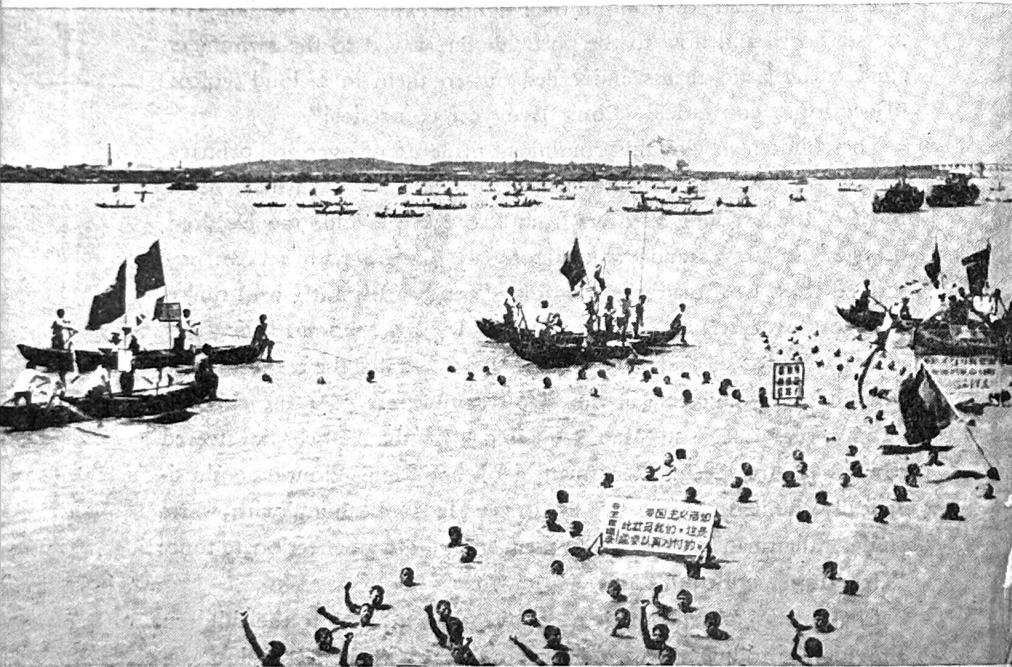
The children's swimming contingent made up of over 200 primary school pupils received particular attention from Chairman Mao. Most of them Young Pioneers from 8 to 14 years old, the children breasted the waves and swam vigorously onward with a board inscribed with Chairman Mao's words: **"Study diligently and make progress every day,"** singing the song *We Are Successors to the Cause of Communism* as they advanced. They demonstrated the revolutionary spirit of red youngsters in the Mao Tse-tung era. As the children swam over, Chairman Mao requested that the launch be steered towards them. Seeing Chairman Mao, the Young Pioneers enthusiastically shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Beaming with warm smiles, Chairman Mao waved to them and said in an affectionate tone: **"Greetings, children!"**

Chairman Mao's encouragement gave great strength to the children. Braving the rolling waves, they swam towards their destination.

Nieh Chang-hsin, a swimmer from the militia of the Hankow Thermal Power Plant, became so excited when he saw Chairman Mao that he forgot he was in the water. Raising both hands, he shouted: "Long live Chairman Mao! Long live Chairman Mao!" He leapt into the air but soon sank into the river again. He gulped several mouthfuls, but the water tasted especially sweet to him. The 5,000 swimmers, as excited as this militiaman, swam past Chairman Mao in groups and, cheering "Long live Chairman Mao," triumphantly reached the destination.

As soon as they went ashore, they turned round and, together with the tens of thousands of people there, warmly cheered Chairman Mao who was on board the launch in mid stream. As the vessel moved towards the shore, Chairman Mao, who was standing at the

The swimmers advance through the waves, pushing forward boards inscribed with extracts from Chairman Mao's works and shouting slogans



Chairman Mao has a good swim in the Yangtze, braving the wind and waves

bow, continuously waved his hand and shouted: **"Long live the people!"** The crowds on the shore were in exuberant spirits; they burst into thunderous cheers which drowned the roar of the Yangtse's tempestuous waters.

It was at this joyous moment that Chairman Mao's launch arrived near the mouth of the Wuchang dykes. With steady steps, Chairman Mao walked down the gangway and dipped himself in the water for a while before stretching out his arms and beginning to swim. It was exactly 11 o'clock.

The Yangtse was in spate; its current was swift and the rolling waves pounded the shores. Swimming in the vast river, Chairman Mao sometimes made his way through the turbulent waters by side-stroking and sometimes he floated on his back, looking at the azure sky. Close by his side in the water were Comrade Wang Jen-chung, Second Secretary of the Central-South China Bureau of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party and First Secretary of the Hupeh Provincial Party Committee, and a group of robust youths.

As Chairman Mao swam through the waves, he talked animatedly with the comrades around him. A young woman told him: "This is the second time I'm swimming in the Yangtse." Smiling, Chairman Mao replied: **"The Yangtse is wide and deep. It is a good place to swim in."** When Chairman Mao discovered that another young woman accompanying him could only swim in one style, he amiably taught her the back-stroke. He said: **"The Yangtse is deep and its current is swift. This can help you train your body and strengthen your will-power."**

When Chairman Mao crossed the Yangtse for the fourth time in 1957, he pointed to a lesson: **People say that the Yangtse is a very big river, actually there is nothing to be afraid of about its size. Isn't U.S. imperialism very big? It turned out to be nothing when we rebuffed it once. So, there are actually some big things in the world that are not to be feared.**

While swimming, Chairman Mao also chatted with Comrade Wang Jen-chung at his side. **"How is swimming being popularized among**

the young people in Wuhan?" he asked. "More and more of them are taking to the water," replied Wang Jen-chung. "They have distinguished themselves for being bold, brave and quick in learning. In general, they take only five or six days to learn to swim." Then Chairman Mao asked: **"Can one in every three swim?"** Comrade Wang Jen-chung replied: "Yes." Very much pleased, Chairman Mao said: **"That's very good!"** Comrade Wang Jen-chung reported to Chairman Mao that men of the Chinese People's Liberation Army and the militia swam across the Yangtse fully armed last year and that students of the Wuhan Institute of Water Conservancy and Electric Power swam across Tunghu Lake in Wuhan during the winter. He said that an increasing number of people had learnt to swim and that the number able to swim across the Yangtse was growing from year to year.

In 1956 when Chairman Mao swam across the Yangtse for the first time, the broad masses were inspired. Chairman Mao has said: **"Swimming is a sport in which the swimmers battle against Nature; you should go into the big rivers and seas to temper yourselves."** Following his instruction, tens of thousands of youth and the broad masses have taken part in swimming across the Yangtse on an increasingly extensive scale over the last few years. During the first across-the-Yangtse swim, among those who took part were only some two dozen girl swimmers. Now nearly 1,000 girls take part every year, among them armed militia women. At first, only one boy took part. Today, however, the children are the vanguard in crossing the river. Many born after 1956, when Chairman Mao first swam across the river, now figure prominently in the cross-Yangtse swim.

When it was nearly noon, a 5-degree strong wind swept over the wide river, churning up big waves. The launch waiting in the middle of the river moved towards Chairman Mao to take him aboard. Comrade Wang Jen-chung asked him several times to go on board to take a rest. Chairman Mao asked how long they had been swimming. When the comrades around said that they had been swimming for 45 minutes, he replied in the best of spirits: **"It's not even an**

hour yet!" With that, he continued swimming to the east. When they had swum 65 minutes, Comrade Wang Jen-chung again asked Chairman Mao to take a rest on the launch. Chairman Mao joked: "Since you are First Secretary of the Provincial Party Committee here, I have to obey your order!"

Starting from near the mouth of the Wuchang dykes, Chairman Mao swam downstream for nearly 15 kilometres to a place near the Wuhan Iron and Steel Company. When he boarded the launch, he was in high spirits and showed no signs of fatigue.

The news of Chairman Mao's swim in the Yangtse stirred all hearts and brought immense inspiration and strength to everybody.

Wei Yueh-an, political instructor of the 205th group of the Wuhan Port Administration and one of those in the Yangtse navigational departments who have distinguished themselves for having studied Chairman Mao's works well, after he returned to his group, described to his comrades the memorable scene of how Chairman Mao reviewed the swimmers and how the great leader had a good swim in the Yangtse. With deep emotion, he said: "A docker who spent dozens of years on the water front, I had my full share of the bitterness and agony of the old society. Since liberation, the people have become the masters of their country. That I was able to swim in the Yangtse together with Chairman Mao today is an event I'll never forget for the rest of my life. From now on I'll follow Chairman Mao's teachings still better. While working on the Yangtse, I'll keep the interests of the country and those of the world at heart, study and apply Chairman Mao's works creatively, do my part to carry out the great proletarian cultural revolution thoroughly, do a good job at work, and make my contribution to the building of our great motherland and to supporting the anti-imperialist, revolutionary struggles of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America. This is how I shall repay the solicitude shown me by the Party and Chairman Mao."

July 16 was an unforgettable day for the more than 300 workers and staff members and their families at the repair section of the ship-

ping department of the Yangtse River Navigation Administration. That was the day they saw how healthy and full of spirit their beloved leader Chairman Mao was, and this made them immensely happy. The same afternoon the workers wrote stacks of pledges in their workshops, proclaiming their resolve to raise the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought still higher, carry the great proletarian cultural revolution through to the end, and repair vessels in a way which would give greater, faster, better and more economical results, support national construction and the Vietnamese people in their struggle to defeat U.S. imperialism.

When worker-swimmer Liu Wu-ching of the Hankow Thermal Power Plant saw Chairman Mao in mid stream, he pledged: "Chairman Mao, I'll study your writings still better and, emulating Comrade Liu Ying-chun, assiduously study the supreme directive, faithfully carry it out, enthusiastically propagate it and courageously defend it." On his way back to the power plant, Liu sang *The East Is Red* together with the others with deep feeling. A Young Pioneer, tremendously happy and filled with emotion after the swim, took out his pocket diary and with great care recorded the most unforgettable event in his life: "I saw Chairman Mao at 10:35 on the morning of July 16, 1966."

On that day, friends from various countries who were visiting Wuhan after attending the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting watched from on board boats the spectacular cross-Yangtse competition of the people of Wuhan. They met the Chinese people's great leader Chairman Mao whom they had long wished to see. The foreign friends cheered Chairman Mao enthusiastically and the excursion boats resounded with their plaudits. Delegates from Niger, while attending the writers' meeting in Peking, collectively wrote a poem expressing their great love for Chairman Mao. It read:

Mao Tse-tung, you are our leader,
Mao Tse-tung, you are our beacon,
Which illuminates, illuminates, illuminates
The darkest, the farthest horizons....

They could not contain their excitement when they saw Chairman Mao that day. Some friends repeatedly called out: "Chairman Mao! Chairman Mao!" Others shouted in Chinese: "Long live Chairman Mao!" Still others on the boats kept clapping. Friends from Indonesia became so excited at seeing Chairman Mao that they cheered on and on and then broke into revolutionary songs in powerful voices.

Chairman Mao warmly clapped and waved to the friends from various countries. They were very glad to see him so healthy. Some exclaimed: "Chairman Mao is in excellent health!" A friend from Africa remarked: "Chairman Mao has crossed the Yangtse at such an advanced age. Chairman Mao's good health and long life is the happiness of the world's oppressed people and of the people of the whole world."

Foreign friends very highly praised Chairman Mao's call to swim across the Yangtse and the fact that he personally took part in it. They considered it of great significance. They declared that it was a great, unprecedented event for Chairman Mao to have taken the lead in crossing the Yangtse and for the Chinese people to follow this with nationwide swimming activities. It showed the courage of the Chinese people and their defiance of all hardships and dangers. Jaoudat al-Rikabi, a delegate from Syria, commented: "All the swimmers taking part in crossing the Yangtse today looked strong, enthusiastic and courageous. Chairman Mao's splendid initiative enables the young people to develop their physique and foster a sound ideology so that they are able to make a break-through however enormous the difficulties and however wide the river may be." These friends remarked that, from the conquest of the natural barrier of the Yangtse and the fearlessness of the people in face of any difficulty, they saw the splendour of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Chairman Mao has once again braved the waves of the Yangtse and had a good swim for nearly 15 kilometres. This is a great event which has stirred the hearts of all the people. The cheers of "Long live Chairman Mao" on both banks that day lasted for more than four hours. These moving scenes have shown the boundless love and

respect of the Chinese people for their great leader Chairman Mao. Guided by the brilliant thought of Mao Tse-tung, China's 700 million people are setting their sights on the future and riding on the wind and waves as they advance.

— Hsinhua News Agency

Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting

EDITORS' NOTE:

The Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting which attracted world attention opened in Peking, capital of the Chinese People's Republic, on June 27, 1966 and lasted nearly a fortnight, concluding on July 9. In the words of the Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, "We have called this Emergency Meeting mainly to fulfil a bounden duty cast upon us, the writers, the progressive writers of Africa and Asia, that is, to render our resolute support to the heroic people of Vietnam in the life-and-death struggle they are waging against the U.S. imperialists to liberate the South, defend the North and reunify their motherland." More than 160 writer-delegates from 53 countries and regions of Africa and Asia and observers from five international organizations took part in this meeting. They held thorough, lively and comprehensive discussions in a democratic spirit on the urgent common tasks facing the Afro-Asian peoples in their struggle, including such problems as opposing the cultural aggression of imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, and developing the national cultures of the peoples of Afro-Asian countries. The writers demonstrated their solidarity with the Afro-Asian peoples against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism. At the same time they sternly condemned all sinister schemes to undermine the unity of Afro-Asian writers. They also expressed their firm opposition to the policies of aggression and war of U.S. imperialism, which is the Number One enemy of the Afro-Asian peoples, and their resolute support of the liberation struggles of all oppressed peoples and oppressed nations in Asia, Africa and other parts of the world. Many delegates in their speeches also emphasized

that to oppose imperialism it was imperative to oppose modern revisionism which is an accomplice of and co-plotter with U.S. imperialism.

In conclusion the delegates passed the Communiqué of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting (see page 68) and 37 Resolutions — on the Vietnam Problem (see page 74), on Angola, on Azania, on Basutoland, on Bechuanaland, on Cambodia, on Cameroon, on Support for the Chinese People's Liberation of Taiwan, on the Comoro Islands, on the Congo (Leopoldville), on the Ghana Coup, on India, on Indonesia, on Iran, on Support to the Japanese People's Struggle, on Kashmir, on Laos, on Madagascar, on Malaya, on Niger, on North Kalimantan, on Palestine, on the Philippines, on "Portuguese" Guinea and Cape Verde, on the Rwanda Question, on Somaliland, on South West Africa, on Swaziland, on Thailand, on Yemen, on Zimbabwe, the Resolution Submitted by the Delegations from Jordan, Algeria, Morocco, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Lebanon, Yemen and Sudan, the Resolutions on Eritrea, on Spanish Colonialism, on the Service of Literature to the Anti-Imperialist Revolutionary Struggles (see page 83), and on the Strengthening of the Afro-Asian Writers' Movement; and the Resolution on the Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference which states that "in view of the fact that the Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference can no longer be held in Indonesia, the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting, held from June 27 to July 9, 1966, in Peking, approves the proposal of the Indonesian delegation that this conference be held in China." The Chinese people warmly welcome the decision that the Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference will be held in China in 1967, and are beginning to make all necessary preparations for the arrival of more Afro-Asian writers next year to attend an even larger gathering than the present one.

After the Meeting, a meeting of the Permanent Bureau of the Afro-Asian Writers' Conference was held in Peking on July 12, 1966 and decided to set up the Executive Secretariat of the Permanent Bureau in Peking to assist in carrying out the Bureau's decisions as well as the preparations for the Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference to be held in China.

This Emergency Meeting made a great contribution to the Afro-Asian peoples' cause of solidarity against imperialism, bringing the Afro-Asian writers' movement to a new stage and serving as a milestone in its history. On July 10, 1966, after the conclusion of the Meeting, the *People's Daily* (*Renmin Ribao*) of Peking published an editorial stressing its importance and commenting, "The Emergency Meeting was a great demonstration of the 2,000 million Afro-Asian peoples against the imperialists headed by the United States. Of late, the imperialists and their accomplices have raised a hue and cry, alleging that Afro-Asian solidarity is 'meeting a crisis' and that the Afro-Asian spirit 'no longer exists.' But they have rejoiced too soon. The brilliant historic success of the Peking meeting is a vivid proof that the Afro-Asian spirit of solidarity against imperialism has a most exuberant and invincible vitality. The Afro-Asian peoples have won another great victory, while imperialism and its accomplices have suffered another ignominious defeat."

In their speeches at the Meeting delegates from many Afro-Asian countries praised the great leader of the Chinese people Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the thought of Mao Tse-tung from the bottom of their hearts and in the most glowing terms. They described Chairman Mao as "the great teacher and leader of the people of the world," and the thought of Mao Tse-tung as "the acme of Marxism-Leninism in the present era." The Chinese people sincerely thank the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting for its correct international appraisal of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and for its praise of China's experience in revolution and construction. The Chinese people attach much importance to the experience of the Asian, African and Latin American peoples in their struggle against imperialism and the revolutionary experience of the European and American peoples. They hold that these experiences are all worth studying by the Chinese people. On July 17 Chairman Mao received the delegates taking part in this Meeting, as well as the observers, giving them a warm welcome. This raised their enthusiasm to its highest pitch and was an event of profound significance in the history of the Afro-Asian writers' movement.

Below we publish some important news, reports and resolutions of this meeting. Readers wishing to study all the resolutions are referred to *Peking Review* No. 29, 1966 which has published them in full.

Chairman Mao Receives Delegates and Observers to Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting

Chairman Mao Tse-tung on July 17 received the delegates to the recent Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting and observers from international organizations who attended the meeting.

These friends from various countries and regions greeted Chairman Mao with warm applause when he met them. Chairman Mao also clapped his hands expressing his warm welcome, and posed for a photograph with them.

The delegates who were received were:

- D. Manuweera, representative of the Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau;
- Viriato Dacruz of Angola;
- L. Morrison, Richard Darrow, Ahmed Gora Ebrahim and Vusumzi Make of Azania (South Africa);
- C.D.M. Mokhehle and Ntsi Mohale of Basutoland;

Bobby Mack and Valentine Phumaphi of Bechuanaland;

Trinh Hoanh, Chau Xeng Ua, Keuk Ky Heang and his wife of Cambodia;

Feze Marcel and Mouzong of Cameroon;

Antonio Cubillo of the Canary Islands;

D. Caldera and K.R. Saputantri of Ceylon;

Abdou Bakari Boina of the Comoro Islands;

Claude N'Dalla of Congo (Brazzaville);

Kibwe Constantin-Marie of Congo (Leopoldville);

Armah and J. Biki of Ghana;

Sekou Camara and Keita Athanase of Guinea;

Agam Wispi, Ibrahim Isa, Rondang E. Marpaung and Rasjid A.L. of Indonesia;

Ramin and Khosrawi of Iran;

Yousif Izzidien of Iraq;

Bon Shiraishi, Kenzo Nakajima and his wife, Kinkazu Saionji, Yoko Matsuoka, Shogo Koide, Shigeko Yuki, Shigeo Sato, Seizi Shimota, Sei Kubota, Udai Fujishima, Toru Takahashi and Nobuyoshi Terada of Japan;

Mazen Ahmad of Jordan;

Choi Yeng Hwa, Choi Il Lyong and Kim Byeng Hyu of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea;

Outama Choulamany, Chaleun Vongsamang and Shivin Ura Sadettan of Laos;

Ibrahim Saleme of Lebanon;

P.V. Sarma of Malaya;

Andria Manavodatsa of Malagasy;

Mohamed Lamine Cisse and Oumar Traore of Mali;

Ali Oumlil of Morocco;

Siddhi Charan Shrestha and Govind Bhatt of Nepal;

Soule Amadou and Hamidou Idrissa of Niger;

Wen Ming Chyuan of North Kalimantan;

Shaukat Siddiqui and Ishfaq Ahmed Khan of Pakistan;

Abu Selma of Palestine;



The delegates and observe greet Chairman Mao

Amado V. Hernandez and Rolando O. Fadul of the Philippines;

Mario Fonseca and Onesimo Silveira of "Portuguese" Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands;

Karuretwa Francois and Mungarulire Pierre of Rwanda;

Mrs. Nancy Grant, Mrs. Salimatu Turay and Edward Lamin of Sierra Leone;

Mohamed Dahan of Somali Coast ("French");

Abdulaziz Nur Hersi of Somalia;

Charles Kauraisa, Katjimuina Veii and Uatja Kaukuetu of South West Africa;

Osman Hassan Ahmed and his wife, Hamid Mahmoud Wafi and his wife of Sudan;

Albert Nxumalo, D.C.D. Nxumalo and H.F. Nkosi of Swaziland;

Jaoudat al-Rikabi and Salame Oubied of Syria;

Yahya Mohamed Hassani and Mohamed Ali Hemedi of Tanzania;

Kularb Saipradit, Kulish Indusakti and Chanid Saipradit of Thailand;

Mehmed Nejad of Turkey;

Bin Musa of Uganda;

Xuan Truong, Hoang Trung Thong, Hong Chuong and Nguyen Dung of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam;

Tran Dinh Van and Phan Tu of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation;

Saleh Dahhan and Mohamed Abdul Razzaq Makeen of Yemen;

Elias Rusike, G. Savanhu, A.H. Mombeshora and P.T. Chizegeni of Zimbabwe.

Observers from international organizations who were also received were:

Djawoto (Indonesia), I. Sugiyama (Japan), Supeno (Indonesia), Yang Yi (China) and Umar Said (Indonesia) of the Afro-Asian Journalists' Association;

Mrs. Theja Gunawardhana (Ceylon) of the Asian Economic Seminar;

Willy Hariandja and his wife (Indonesia) of the Peace Liaison Committee of the Asian and Pacific Regions.

Also received were Absalom Bahule, observer from Mozambique; B. Bakon, observer from Cameroon; Han Suyin, famous writer from Southeast Asia; and Mrs. Kheir, wife of Ahmed Mohammed Kheir, a Sudanese poet.

Those present on the occasion included Kuo Mo-jo, head of the Chinese delegation to the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting, and Liao Cheng-chih, Chairman of the Chinese Committee for Afro-Asian Solidarity.

Premier Chou En-lai's Speech

Dear guests,

Dear friends and comrades,

The Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting has come to a victorious close today.

Holding aloft the militant banner of opposing imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism headed by the United States, your meeting has rendered powerful support to the peoples of Asia, Africa and the world in their anti-imperialist revolutionary struggle and to the heroic Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. Giving play to the spirit of democratic consultation, your meeting has held full discussions on the question of developing the new national culture, literature and art of Asia and Africa, and has achieved tremendous successes. It is a revolutionary meeting, a meeting of solidarity and a meeting of victory.

This speech was made at a grand banquet in celebration of the triumphant conclusion of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting on July 9, 1966.

Together with Comrades Kang Sheng, Chen Po-ta and Tao Chu, I now extend warm congratulations to you on behalf of the Chinese people and Government. At the same time, we extend revolutionary and militant greetings to you Afro-Asian writers on behalf of the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and the revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals of the country, who are all engaged in the great cultural revolution under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought and under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party.

In the course of your meeting, U. S. imperialism raised its war of aggression against Vietnam to a new and still graver stage. The United States is now declaring over and over again its intention of fighting to the finish in southern Vietnam; evidently, its purpose is to force the Vietnamese people into begging for peace, or, failing this, to destroy Vietnam. But the heroic Vietnamese people absolutely will not submit to the U.S. war blackmail, nor will all countries and people genuinely supporting the Vietnamese people's war of resistance against U.S. aggression waver before the U.S. war blackmail. The United States will never succeed in its objective.

At the crucial moment of the U.S. imperialist expansion of the war of aggression against Vietnam, all countries and people that genuinely support the Vietnamese people's war of resistance against U.S. aggression can have only one answer to the challenge of U.S. imperialism, namely, to render with all their strength unreserved political, military, economic and moral support to the Vietnamese people in driving the U.S. bandits out of Vietnam. The Chinese people and Government have been doing this from the very first day of U.S. aggression against Vietnam. Whatever the risk and whatever the price, we are determined to support and aid the fraternal Vietnamese people till they win the final victory.

This is a life-and-death struggle. One either defeats U.S. imperialism or submits to it. There is no middle road. All revolutionary people of the world must cast away any illusion whatsoever, believe in and rely on the people's strength, unite as one and persevere in the struggle so as thoroughly to defeat the U.S. aggressors.

It is precisely at this crucial moment that the Indian Government has put forward the proposal for reconvening the Geneva Conference. This proposal is solely designed to throw dust in the eyes of the people of the world and sap the fighting will of the Vietnamese people. It can be seen at the first glance that this is rendering service to the United States.

China was a participating nation of the 1954 Geneva Conference. It must be pointed out that the Geneva agreements were long ago torn to shreds by the United States. Speaking of the Geneva agreements, the United States must unconditionally withdraw its armed forces from Vietnam immediately, completely, thoroughly and totally. Unless the U.S. troops are withdrawn, the reconvening of the Geneva Conference is entirely out of the question.

Again at this crucial moment and while the United States is expanding its armed forces and extending its war in Vietnam, the Soviet revisionist leading clique preposterously declared that the U.S. bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong would not affect U.S.-Soviet collaboration and the reaching of a disarmament agreement. This is a most open and bare-faced betrayal of the Vietnamese people.

Everyone can see what an ignominious role the Indian reactionaries and the Soviet revisionist leading clique are playing in the U.S. imperialist expansion of its war of aggression against Vietnam. In order to isolate U.S. imperialism to the maximum and deal it the heaviest possible blows, it is necessary for the people of Asia, Africa and the whole world constantly to expand and strengthen in all spheres the united front against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys. This united front must be based on the great unity of the revolutionary people of the whole world and must include all countries and people subjected to U.S. imperialist aggression, intervention, control or bullying; but it absolutely must not include the Soviet revisionist leading clique and the Indian reactionaries. On the contrary, they can only be the targets of struggle by the international anti-U.S. united front.

Comrades and friends! From their own personal experience, the Afro-Asian people have learnt that in order to win genuine freedom and liberation, they must unfold a great revolution in the field of culture and ideology while striving for complete political independence

and economic self-reliance. The common task before us Afro-Asian peoples is to smash the corrupt and reactionary old culture and ideology of imperialism and colonialism and to establish and develop the anti-imperialist, revolutionary national new culture and ideology of the broad masses. Your meeting has made outstanding contributions to this end. We are convinced that your work will vastly help the great struggle of the Afro-Asian peoples for solidarity against imperialism.

Friends and comrades! At the meeting you expressed warm congratulations on the 45th anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Communist Party. Many delegates have paid warm tribute to Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the great leader of the Chinese people, and to the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, and they spoke highly of China's great socialist cultural revolution. This is an expression of infinite confidence in and support for the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao Tse-tung. It gives impetus and encouragement to the Chinese people in studying and applying Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought still better. For this we express heartfelt thanks to our friends. You can rest assured that the Chinese Communist Party and the Chinese Government and people will for ever remain loyal to the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and will never fail to live up to the earnest hopes which the people of the world have placed in us.

Now may we propose a toast

to the brilliant victory of the Vietnamese people's struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation,
to the great anti-imperialist, revolutionary unity of the Afro-Asian writers and people,
to the great victory of the Afro-Asian people and the people of the world in the struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism headed by the United States, and
to the health of our friends and comrades present here!

Vice-Premier Chen Yi's Speech

Mr. Chairman, Messrs. Delegates,
Friends and Comrades,

The Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting opens here in Peking today. It is a great honour for China to serve as the host of your meeting. On behalf of the Chinese Government and people, I express warm welcome to the participating Afro-Asian writers and heartfelt greetings to the meeting.

Participating in the meeting today are 152 delegates of writers and observers from 47 countries and regions in Asia and Africa and from three international organizations. You have come from the forefront of the anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist struggle in Asia and Africa and from different posts. You are a glorious and important contingent of the cultural army of the Afro-Asian people. You have long used your pens as weapons to fight for the Afro-Asian

This speech was made at the opening ceremony of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting on June 27, 1966.

people's cause of anti-imperialist revolutionary unity. You have always used the anti-imperialist revolutionary literature and art as weapons for criticism; in places like Vietnam and the Congo (Leopoldville), the situation has already developed into one of criticism by weapons. Your names and works are held in respect not only by the people of your own countries but also by the people of China and other parts of Asia and Africa.

You have come to this meeting in defiance of obstruction and sabotage by imperialism and its followers. You have brought with you happy new tidings about the awakening, unity, fight and victory of the two thousand million Afro-Asian people. This is a manifestation of the great anti-imperialist revolutionary unity of the Afro-Asian writers. The present meeting not only marks an entirely new stage in the Afro-Asian writers' movement, but also constitutes a tremendous support and encouragement to the fighting peoples of Asia, Africa and the whole world.

Friends and comrades! The current international situation is favourable to the people of Asia, Africa and the whole world, and is unfavourable to imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism. The Afro-Asian people are against imperialism and for independence and freedom. The Afro-Asian people are more awakened than ever, their forces are growing from strength to strength and their struggle is deepening. This constitutes the main current in the Afro-Asian situation. Imperialism headed by the United States and a handful of reactionaries have been resorting to direct aggression, crude intervention, political subversion and other means to counter the revolutionary forces with wild attacks, stirring up a counter-revolutionary adverse current. However, this can in no way obstruct the triumphant advance of the Afro-Asian revolutionary people.

U.S. imperialism is redoubling its efforts in carrying out control, intervention, subversion and aggression in Asia and Africa, and is obdurately pursuing its policies of aggression and war in all parts of the world. It is the most insensate aggressor history has ever known, the principal prop of the reactionary forces throughout the world, and the most vicious enemy of all the people. The peoples of Asia and Africa have to wage a life-and-death and tit-for-tat struggle

against U.S. imperialism in every forward step they take along the road of winning independence and progress.

The Soviet revisionists are bent on seeking U.S.-Soviet collaboration for world domination, and they are helping U.S. imperialism and its lackeys to maintain their reactionary rule, suppress the national liberation movement, and undermine and disrupt the ranks of Afro-Asian solidarity against imperialism. They have degenerated into accomplices of U.S. imperialism. While opposing imperialism headed by the United States, the revolutionary people of Asia and Africa cannot but oppose modern revisionism with the Soviet leading clique as its centre.

The most urgent and most important historical task of the Afro-Asian people today is to oppose U.S.-led imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, to win and safeguard national independence and to carry the national revolution through to the end.

The people of those Afro-Asian countries which have not yet won independence are waging various forms of struggle, armed struggle included, to strive for independence and liberation.

The people of those Afro-Asian countries which have won independence are continuing to oppose the control, intervention, subversion and aggression by imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism in order to safeguard national independence and state sovereignty and develop national economy and culture.

The Chinese people share the destiny and life breath of the other Afro-Asian peoples. We will for ever stand by our anti-imperialist revolutionary brothers of Asia and Africa.

We firmly support the just struggles waged by the peoples of Vietnam, Korea, Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Malaya, the Philippines, North Kalimantan, Indonesia and Japan, and firmly support the peoples of various Asian countries in their struggle to oppose imperialist aggression and to win and safeguard national independence.

We firmly support the just struggles waged by the peoples of South Yemen and Oman and the Arab people of Palestine and firmly support the peoples of the Arab countries in their struggle to win and safeguard national independence and oppose imperialism and its tool for aggression — Israel.

We firmly support the just struggles waged by the peoples of the Congo (Leopoldville), Angola, Mozambique, "Portuguese" Guinea, Zimbabwe, South Africa, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Swaziland, Southwest Africa, Somali Coast ("French"), Comoro Islands and Canary Islands, and firmly support the peoples of various African countries in their struggle to oppose colonialism and neo-colonialism and to win and safeguard national independence.

We firmly support the efforts made by the new emerging independent countries in Asia and Africa to develop national economy and build their countries; on the basis of equality and mutual benefit, we will do our best to help them achieve economic self-reliance and get rid of imperialist control.

We are firmly prepared to make the maximum national sacrifices in supporting the anti-imperialist revolutionary cause of the Afro-Asian people and the people of the world. No matter what pressure imperialism headed by the United States may exert to force us to change our policy, we will persevere in our stand of opposing imperialism and supporting the anti-imperialist revolution of the people of all countries and will never vacillate or change.

The Vietnam question is at present the focal point of the international anti-U.S. struggle. The U.S. aggressors are carrying out the inhuman policy of "burn all, kill all, destroy all" in southern Vietnam with sanguinary means of unprecedented savagery, and conducting wanton bombing of northern Vietnam. But all this can in no way avert the inevitable doom of U.S. imperialism. In order to save itself from defeat, U.S. imperialism is using war expansion as a means of blackmail to carry out its peace talks scheme on the one hand and, on the other, is using the smokescreen of peace talks to cover up its crime of expanding the war, vainly hoping to achieve its aim of perpetuating the occupation of south Vietnam and the division of Vietnam.

The heroic Vietnamese people have given full play to the power of the people's war and won brilliant victories in their struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. The Vietnamese people have long been determined to defend the north, liberate the south, reunify their motherland and drive out the U.S. marauders completely.

The Vietnam question can only be solved in accordance with the will of the Vietnamese people. The United States must stop its aggression against the whole of Vietnam, withdraw all its armed forces from south Vietnam and let the Vietnamese people settle their own question by themselves. Otherwise, all empty talk about a peaceful settlement of the Vietnam question is a mere fraud.

The Soviet leading clique advertises that the United States also has the sincere desire for a peaceful settlement of the Vietnam question, trying its best to play down the Vietnamese people's just demands and vainly attempting to sell out the fundamental interests of the Vietnamese people and make their just struggle stop half way. This is absolutely impermissible. Unprincipled compromise can only give U.S. imperialism a breathing space, and bring still greater calamities to the people of Vietnam. In these circumstances, how can there be any talk about "united action" with the Soviet leading clique?

The people of Vietnam stand in the forefront of the world people's struggle against U.S. imperialism. Every drop of blood shed by the Vietnamese people has been shed for winning their own national independence and in the interests of the common cause of the Afro-Asian people against imperialism and colonialism. To do everything possible to support and aid the Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation and completely to defeat the U.S. aggressors — this is the common internationalist duty of the Afro-Asian peoples.

Whatever tricks U.S. imperialism may play, to whatever extent it may escalate the war, and however great are the risks and however heavy the price, we Chinese people will do our utmost to support the Vietnamese people until they win final victory in their struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

In order to isolate U.S. imperialism to the maximum extent and deal it the heaviest blows, the people of Asia, Africa and the whole world must further expand and strengthen the international united front against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys. This united front should persist in the genuine revolutionary policy which reflects the aspirations of the people of the whole world. It should be based on the great unity of the revolutionary people the world over. It should

include all countries and peoples that are subjected to U.S. imperialist aggression, intervention, control or bullying, but it must in no case include the flunkies, accomplices and collaborators of U.S. imperialism.

In our epoch, it is not the forces of imperialism, but the forces of the revolutionary people, which are strong; it is not the revolutionary people who are afraid of imperialism, but imperialism which is afraid of the revolutionary people. The people of Asia and Africa have no fear for imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, and by relying on armed struggle and the anti-U.S. united front, they can assuredly defeat U.S. imperialism and win victory in the cause of national liberation. Just as Comrade Mao Tse-tung has pointed out: "People all over the world, be courageous, dare to fight, defy difficulties and advance wave upon wave. Then the whole world will belong to the people. Monsters of all kinds shall be destroyed."

Friends and comrades! With the continuous development and victories of the national-liberation movement, the people of Asia and Africa have entered a great era of cultural rejuvenation. To create anti-imperialist revolutionary national new cultures of the broad masses of the Afro-Asian countries and to build Asia and Africa into a new Asia and a new Africa with modern science and culture — this is the historical task of the Afro-Asian peoples in the field of culture.

In order to fulfil this historical task, the peoples of Asia and Africa are making tremendous efforts to eradicate all the cultural, literary and artistic influences of imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, which stem mainly from U.S. imperialism.

Since World War II, U.S. imperialism has spent hundreds of millions of dollars, set in motion all its propaganda machines, gone through various channels and employed all literary and art forms in order to propagate the so-called American civilization and way of life. American literature and art of this sort are reactionary, rotten and decadent to the extreme; they are also an expression of despair. They are opium to corrode the national consciousness and enslave the minds of the people of various countries. The aim is to use cultural infiltration to supplement its political subversion, economic plunder and military

aggression. All progressive literature and art in the United States are suppressed and have no chance of emerging.

The modern revisionist literature and art have degenerated into imitations of the Western bourgeois literature and art and are in the service of imperialism and the reactionaries of different countries.

The new culture, literature and art of the Afro-Asian people have developed in the course of anti-imperialist revolutionary struggles and in the course of struggle against the reactionary culture, literature and art of imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism. This new culture and this literature and art are the most progressive, the most vital and in full accordance with the interests of the Afro-Asian peoples and the urgent needs of their anti-imperialist revolutionary struggle.

The Afro-Asian people's new culture, literature and art strongly reflect the great anti-imperialist revolutionary spirit of the present epoch, present a clear-cut national character and are closely integrated with the broad masses. Therefore, our new culture, literature and art constitute a part of the whole anti-imperialist revolutionary machine and a powerful weapon for rallying and educating the people, hitting and destroying the imperialist forces and winning independence and liberation.

The Afro-Asian peoples created splendid ancient culture and made great contributions to human history. Today, they reappear on the stage of world history as revolutionary and progressive masters of their own destiny. The phase of modern world history in which we the people of Asia and Africa as well as our culture are looked down upon should come to a conclusion. With the victorious development of the anti-imperialist revolutionary struggle of the Afro-Asian peoples, the new culture of the great Afro-Asian peoples is on the rise. As far as its ideological content is concerned, this new culture has far exceeded the entire old culture of imperialism and colonialism.

As the culture of Western imperialism is becoming daily more decadent and despondent and that of revisionism daily more degenerate, the industrious, brave and talented Afro-Asian peoples with their high sense of national dignity and confidence will certainly be able

to make still greater contributions than their past ones to human civilization.

Friends and comrades! Under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao Tse-tung and adhering to the general line of going all out, aiming high and achieving greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism, the Chinese people are advancing in giant strides on the road of socialism. A new leap forward has been taken in China's industrial production not only in quantity, but, what is more important, in variety, quality and technique. In scale, speed and quality, our capital construction has far surpassed that of the last few years. In agriculture, good harvests have been reaped for four years running. An unprecedented, general upsurge has appeared in the national economy as a whole.

In the last few months, the Chinese people have unfolded an unprecedented movement for the great proletarian cultural revolution. It is a great revolutionary movement to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and promote the socialist cause in our country. This great revolution is the inevitable outcome of the historical development of our country.

The task of our great proletarian cultural revolution is to demolish thoroughly all the old ideology, culture, customs and habits which the exploiting classes fostered over thousands of years to poison the minds of the people; it is to create and foster among the broad masses entirely new proletarian ideology, culture, customs and habits. It is, in the tempest of the class struggle, creatively to study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought, popularize Mao Tse-tung's thought and have it closely integrated with the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers.

In this great proletarian cultural revolution, the spearhead of our struggle is directed, with concentrated force, against the handful of counter-revolutionary elements, constituting only a few per cent of the total population, who are dead set against the Communist Party and against socialism. As for the overwhelming majority, we have always adopted and will continue to adopt the policy of "unity-criticism-unity." We will continue to adopt the policy of uniting with, educating and remoulding the great number of intellectuals

who have come from the old society. This policy is firm and unshakable. Some reactionaries at home and abroad have slandered us, saying that our struggle is "directed against all intellectuals." This is sheer nonsense spread with ulterior motives.

In this great proletarian cultural revolution, we rely on the staunch proletarian revolutionaries, on the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, revolutionary cadres and revolutionary intellectuals. Through the energetic study of Chairman Mao's works, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers of our country have broken open the door to the theory of Marxism-Leninism; the times when small numbers of intellectuals monopolized theoretical learning and knowledge are gone for ever, never to return; and a new historic epoch in which the masses of workers, peasants and soldiers directly master theoretical learning and knowledge is already here. Under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, large numbers of literary and art workers have emerged from among the workers, peasants and soldiers. Thoroughly emancipated from the shackles of the old literary and artistic ideas of the exploiting classes, they have been creating large numbers of literary and art works imbued with the revolutionary spirit of the socialist epoch. The facts have vividly demonstrated that Mao Tse-tung's thought, once grasped by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers, becomes a tremendous material force.

Seeing that we are carrying on the cultural revolution in a big way, a handful of imperialists and their followers think that something must have gone wrong with our country and our state power, and that it seems they will have something to gain therefrom. They attempt to make some capital out of it. These lords are more stupid than pigs. The fact that the Chinese Communist Party dares to boldly mobilize the masses to carry on the cultural revolution in a big way exactly proves that our country is powerful, our state power is consolidated and the people of the whole country are united. Is not all this very clear?

What is more important, the current great cultural revolution is precisely aimed at destroying the social base of imperialism and modern revisionism, preventing the revisionists from usurping the leadership

of the Party and the state and averting the restoration of capitalism. This is Comrade Mao Tse-tung's great development of Marxism-Leninism. Therefore, we can definitely tell our friends that our unprecedented, great cultural revolution is indeed an extremely heavy blow at imperialism, modern revisionism and reactionaries of different countries. Apart from despair, they will get nothing else whatsoever. We would like to ask: Dare the U.S. imperialists and Soviet modern revisionists launch, like China, a great cultural revolution in their countries? I can say categorically that they dare not.

Victory in this great cultural revolution will further consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat in our country, provide a guarantee for the carrying through to the end of the Chinese people's socialist revolution and for the successful progress of our country's socialist construction; it will also prepare conditions for the future realization of communism. The Chinese people constituting one-fourth of the world's population will thus be able to give more and greater internationalist support and contribution to the progressive cause of the people of Asia, Africa and the whole world.

Friends and comrades! The great cultural revolution being carried on by the Chinese people is a great practice of the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Mao Tse-tung's thought is the steering-wheel that guides this great cultural revolution.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is Marxism-Leninism creatively developed during the long period of practice in the Chinese revolution; it is Marxism-Leninism creatively developed in the Chinese people's great struggle against imperialism, modern revisionism and reactionaries of all countries. It is the sole guide of the Chinese people in their socialist revolution and socialist construction and a powerful weapon of the Chinese people with which to defeat imperialism and modern revisionism. Mao Tse-tung's thought is the acme of Marxism-Leninism in our epoch, and is living Marxism-Leninism at its highest.

Friends and comrades! As you are well aware, the Chinese people, who experienced untold sufferings, have won today's victory after 109 years of struggle. This victory has been won by traversing a tortuous, complicated and arduous course in which they fought, failed, fought again, failed again, fought again ... till their victory.

In order to remove the three big mountains — imperialism, feudalism and bureaucrat-capitalism — lying like a dead weight on the Chinese people, not a few people sought for various ideologies and methods and took various paths. We have travelled far and wide in the world to find a way to free ourselves from misery. But none of those ideologies worked and none of those paths led anywhere. The facts have taught the Chinese people that, apart from believing in Mao Tse-tung's thought, they can no longer have faith in any other thought. To sum up the experience of the revolutionary struggle of our country over the past decades, especially that of prolonged bloodshed and defeats, and concentrate it into one point, it is: Mao Tse-tung's thought alone can save China, and without Mao Tse-tung's thought there would not have been New China. We had believed in various ideologies and experimented with various systems; they all ended in failure. But we win victory as soon as we believe in Mao Tse-tung's thought which is the integration of Marxism-Leninism with the practice of the Chinese revolution. From our own experience we Chinese people have come to understand deeply that Mao Tse-tung's thought is our life-line, and that Chairman Mao's teachings are the supreme guide for all our work.

Today, with the struggle against U.S. imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism growing in depth, more and more people in all parts of the world, particularly in Asia, Africa and Latin America, want to study Mao Tse-tung's thought. We warmly welcome the desire of our friends to learn, and regard it as an encouragement and impetus to the Chinese people.

The Chinese people will certainly abide by Chairman Mao's teachings and learn with greater modesty from the revolutionary people all over the world, particularly from the militant and heroic peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America. We Chinese people are grateful to the people of Asia and Africa for the support and assistance they have rendered us. The revolutionary people of the world, who stand at the forefront of the struggle, are all our teachers, and we are willing to be their students. Guided by Mao Tse-tung's thought, the Chinese people, together with the other peoples of Asia, Africa and the whole world, will devote their utmost efforts to combating imperialism,

modern revisionism and reactionaries in all countries and to supporting and aiding all the oppressed nations and people in their just struggles.

Friends and comrades! Imperialism and its followers are unhappy about this Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting and harbour a bitter hatred for the anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist literature and art of Asia and Africa. Your meeting here is in itself a great victory for the Afro-Asian writers' friendship and solidarity. Through your efforts, this meeting will certainly make new contributions to the promotion of the revolutionary unity of the Afro-Asian writers. At the same time, I am convinced that, through the efforts of all of you, the anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist revolutionary literature and art of Asia and Africa will surely make new progress and play a still greater militant role in the Afro-Asian people's noble cause of unity against imperialism. On behalf of the Chinese Government and people, I wish your meeting complete success!

Long live the great unity of the Afro-Asian peoples!

Long live the great unity of the people of the world!

The Afro-Asian peoples will certainly win!

Imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism will certainly be defeated!

Report of the Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau

Dear colleagues, as you know, we have called this Emergency Meeting mainly to fulfil a bounden duty cast upon us, the writers, the progressive writers of Africa and Asia, that is, to render our resolute support to the heroic people of Vietnam in the life-and-death struggle they are waging against the U.S. imperialists to liberate the South, defend the North and reunify their motherland.

The brave struggle of the people of Vietnam against the U.S. aggressors has today become the focus of attention of all the anti-imperialist peoples and forces in the world, particularly in Asia and Africa. Flagrantly violating the Geneva Agreements, totally ignoring the

This is an abridged version of the report made by D. Manuweera on behalf of the Secretary-General of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, Ratne Deshapriya Senanayake, at the plenary session of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting on June 27, 1966.

world-wide condemnation and completely disregarding all respect for sovereignty and independence, the U.S. imperialists have aroused the hatred and indignation of not only the Vietnamese people, but of all the peoples of the world, who love emancipation, who love freedom, who love peace.

Faced with a hopeless dilemma, faced with a people who are determined to fight on until their land is liberated, the U.S. imperialists have launched a mindless escalation of their aggressive war in south Vietnam. They have already shipped into it more than 275,000 aggressive troops and have recruited their flunkies, the governments of the Philippines, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand, and the Pak Jung Hi clique, to supply more cannon-fodder or to accelerate and strengthen their material co-operation in their aggression.

This new and futile escalation of its war to subdue the Vietnamese people has, on the one hand, further proven that U.S. imperialism is the enemy Number One of all the progressive and peace-loving peoples of the world, while, on the other, it has shown that U.S. imperialism has been thrown into a desperate position in south Vietnam. It has, on the one hand, proven that U.S. imperialism would go to any length to turn the tide against it in south Vietnam, while, on the other, it has shown that the determination of the Vietnamese people to resist the U.S. aggressors is becoming deeper and stronger. It has, on the one hand, proven that U.S. imperialism would not change its bellicose nature until completely defeated, while, on the other, it has shown that it is men, and not weapons, that constitute the decisive factor in a battle for freedom. The more they escalate their war, the nearer the U.S. imperialists draw themselves to their doom in Vietnam. The more they escalate their war, the greater are the magnificent victories scored by the valiant Vietnamese people. No savageries of any kind can weaken the iron will of the south Vietnamese people to fight until final victory is achieved.

Dear colleagues, what have the brilliant victories achieved by the heroic south Vietnamese people shown us? What lesson have they given to the world? The unparalleled victories scored by the people of south Vietnam have proved to the world that U.S. imperialism is not impossible to be defeated. Vietnam has distinctly demonstrated

that arrows, matchets and bamboo spikes, in the hands of freedom-loving, revolutionary people, are much more powerful than the bombs, bullets and missiles of the imperialists. Vietnam has amply shown us that no weapons and no troops of imperialism can ever besiege and topple the mighty bastion of a people fighting for their national liberation. And it is in Vietnam we have seen that armed struggle is the one and only method of dealing with all imperialists, colonialists and neo-colonialists, headed by the U.S.

In a desperate bid to get out of the blind alley into which they have led themselves in south Vietnam, the U.S. imperialists have escalated their war of aggression into the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos and are even threatening China. They are wantonly bombing the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, unscrupulously encroaching on its territory and crudely provoking it. By its despicable and barbarous aggression against the people of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, U.S. imperialism hopes to intimidate and force them into submission. It hopes to weaken the fighting capacity of the heroic north Vietnamese people. But the courageous people of north Vietnam, who are steeled in struggle, have dealt resounding blows at the aggressors, teaching them the universal truth that a revolutionary people can never be intimidated or subjugated by them or any brand of imperialists, no matter what weapons they use. We fully endorse all measures adopted by the north Vietnamese people to safeguard their sovereignty and independence. The recent intruding into the territory of the People's Republic of China by the U.S. aggressor planes and shooting down of a Chinese plane that was on a training flight, is clear proof of the expansion of the U.S. aggressive war in Vietnam to other territories. We severely condemn this wanton provocative act of U.S. imperialism against the People's Republic of China. And we totally approve the firm stand taken by the heroic Chinese people to safeguard their territorial integrity and their great socialist state.

Vainly hoping to save itself from the inextricable predicament in south Vietnam, from the morass in which it is sinking deeper and deeper, the Johnson Administration has come out with all types of cunning tricks to deceive the Vietnamese people. While increasing

its military strength in south Vietnam, while wantonly bombing the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and while expanding its aggression into other territories, Johnson is loudly babbling about "peaceful negotiation," "unconditional discussion" and "social reforms" in order to cover up its war moves in an attempt to pacify the south Vietnamese and make them lay down their arms. But, the south Vietnamese know, the world knows, that behind this thin veil of cunning trickery there lurks the aggressive countenance of U.S. imperialism and its sinister motive to achieve across the table what it cannot win in the battlefield.

History is replete with glaring examples proving the incontrovertible truth that freedom and peace have to be won only through revolutionary struggle and only by defeating and destroying the aggressors. The Vietnamese people must also traverse, for their freedom, that same path all oppressed nations and people have traversed in the past for their freedom. These palpable frauds of Johnson will, with the contempt they deserve, be thrown into the dustbin of history. We Asian and African writers resolutely support the four-point stand of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the five-part statement of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation. U.S. imperialism must cease immediately its aggression against the whole of Vietnam, withdraw all aggressive troops from south Vietnam and recognize the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation as the sole representative of the people of south Vietnam. The question of Vietnam must be settled by the Vietnamese people themselves.

Dear colleagues, while U.S. imperialism has aroused the hatred and indignation of not only the Vietnamese people, but of all the peace-loving and freedom-loving people of the world, and while it is on the brink of its grave, there are some people who have voluntarily come out to save it. These so-called revolutionaries have today become one of the greatest defenders of U.S. imperialism. They have today become the main ally of U.S. imperialism. They have co-ordinated their scheme and actions with those of the U.S. imperialists for world domination. They have completely capitulated to the U.S. imperialists and, having done so, betrayed the national liberation struggles in Asia, Africa and Latin America. They are

more dangerous than the U.S. imperialists themselves, for they are wolves in sheep's clothing. Pretending to support the Vietnamese people, they scheme and plan hand in glove with the U.S. imperialists to thwart the Vietnamese people's struggle. Loudly proclaiming that they are supporting the Vietnamese to liberate south Vietnam and defend the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, they are peddling round the world to sell the worn-out "peace talks" fraud of the U.S. imperialists to make the Vietnamese surrender to their aggressors. But in their peddling round the world, these hypocrite revolutionaries have proved to be as inefficient as a third-rate salesman, no, a fourth-rate salesman. Turned out by the people, they have returned home with the goods. These political salesmen, who trade in the destiny of the Asian and African peoples, are not reconciled to their defeat and are continuing to peddle their dirty goods. Recently, they put forward in a roundabout way the so-called five "prerequisites" to "peaceful negotiations" for the settlement of the Vietnam question. They speak of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, the sole legitimate representative of the people of south Vietnam, as a "partner in the negotiation." They use such phrases as U.S. troops are "beginning to withdraw" and have "stopped to increase" as responding to Johnson's call for "phased" withdrawal of troops. They are, in fact, merely talking and not withdrawing. Moreover, under such covers as "internal affairs" of and "self-determination" for south Vietnam, they are trying to keep Vietnam divided for ever and so obstruct the Vietnamese people from realizing the reunification of their motherland. The attitude of these shameless renegades towards the just and heroic struggle of the Vietnamese people has completely exposed their degraded, disgraceful and despicable nature and the capitulationist line they pursue. By attempting to sell the "peace talks" fraud of U.S. imperialism, these fake revolutionaries are actually attempting to sell the south Vietnamese people in a vain effort to realize the scheme of world domination by two big powers. All their self-termed sincere suggestions to solve the Vietnam issue indicate that they have thoroughly collaborated with U.S. imperialism to make it continue its suppression of the south Vietnamese people. No matter what capitulationist propaganda they are conducting, no

matter what methods they are using to whitewash U.S. imperialism, the people of Vietnam and all the peoples throughout the world, who have chosen the line of revolution, will not be cheated by these turncoats. The Vietnamese people believe, all the revolutionary and progressive peoples the world over believe, that victory will surely belong to the people of Vietnam. We, Asian and African writers, severely condemn the criminal plots of these renegades and call upon the writers and peoples of Asia and Africa to rise as one man to totally denounce and repudiate them.

Dear colleagues, we are meeting here today in the face of a great change, greater than ever, in the current international situation. And in the process of this change we see a surging trend that is fast developing, faster than ever, throughout the world, particularly in Asia and Africa. It is a trend that is characterized by an upsurging fierce struggle, fiercer than ever, against all forces of imperialism, headed by the U.S., and all their lackeys. It is a struggle between two distinct forces, the forces of revolution and forces of counter-revolution. It is a struggle in which millions upon millions of people, who fight for their liberation, are heading towards their victory, while the imperialists led by the U.S. and their flunkies are heading towards their doom. At no time in the history of the world has U.S. imperialism been so isolated as today. At no time in the history of the world has U.S. imperialism suffered such disastrous defeats as today. At no time in the history of the world has U.S. imperialism been proved to be so weak and vulnerable as today. The political consciousness and the revolutionary spirit of the people, particularly those in Africa and Asia, have risen to such great heights that today they have taken up arms and are waging a resolute battle against the U.S.-led imperialists and their lackeys, who, for decades, had been oppressing them. Yes, the east wind is prevailing over the west wind. No force of U.S. imperialism, no force of its stooges, can ever extinguish the raging fire of revolution that is spreading through the length and breadth of the world, especially in Asia and Africa. It cannot avoid being dashed on the rocks by the mighty storm of the people's struggle that is sweeping across the continents of Asia, Africa and Latin America. U.S. imperialism, through all the criminal ag-

gressions it has been perpetrating on people by its policy of counter-revolutionary global strategy, has prepared the way for its own end.

Faced with a surging, angry tide that is sweeping through Asia against it, U.S. imperialism has tried another trick to save it from being perished. It has begun to shift its global strategy eastwards with the fond hope of waging a full-scale aggression in Asia. The primary aim of this malicious move of U.S. imperialism is, of course, to pursue its "contain China" policy. It has already been disclosed by the Johnson Administration itself that the new military aid programme of the U.S. will include more military assistance to south Vietnam, Thailand, the Pak Jung Hi clique, the Chiang Kai-shek gang and its other puppets. This is basically intended to isolate China by reinforcing the cordon of military bases that has already been thrown round it. It must be pointed out that for this cordon, doomed to failure, the leading group of a socialist country, which has completely degenerated into an accomplice of U.S. imperialism, is busy piling up loose pieces in an attempt to reinforce it and isolate China. The 700 million Chinese people have sworn and are ever ready to face U.S. imperialism, its flunkies and accomplices, anywhere, any time. U.S. imperialism can never isolate China. It is a country growing from strength to strength; it is a country around which more and more revolutionary and progressive people are rallying. China has friends all over the world. In fact, the so-called cordon to isolate China is a noose round the neck of U.S. imperialism, its flunkies and accomplices and which will strangle them to death.

The recent explosion of China's third nuclear bomb has shattered the proud ambition of U.S. imperialism and the fake revolutionaries to own a nuclear monopoly and blackmail all revolutionary peoples. Nuclear weapons in the hands of China are weapons in the hands of all revolutionary peoples, who are fighting to liberate their countries. We believe, and all the peace-loving peoples in the world believe, that nuclear weapons in the possession of China are solely intended to defend itself and world peace. The possession of nuclear weapons in the hands of China is a great encouragement to the oppressed people in Asia, Africa and Latin America, who have risen up against

U.S. imperialism. The possession of nuclear weapons in the hands of China also creates for the people of the world the favourable conditions for the complete banning and thorough destruction of all nuclear weapons.

We are firmly confident that China's territory of Taiwan to which the U.S. is unreasonably clinging on, will eventually be regained by its legitimate owner.

The imperialists and colonialists have almost come to the end of their road in oppressing the African people and sapping the wealth of their countries. The people in this vast continent, who had been enslaved for decades, have risen up courageously to throw out the imperialist and colonial rule and fight for freedom and peace. Is this not proved by the glaring fact that since 1955, the number of the independent countries in Africa has increased from four to thirty-six? Has this not proved the fact that Africa has awakened and is marching towards its goal? Yes, Africa should, and must, belong to the Africans. The imperialists and colonialists should, and must, get out of Africa. If they do not, they will be kicked out of Africa. And that is what the revolutionary and freedom-loving Africans are doing today.

In Latin America, U.S. imperialism, through its criminal aggressive acts, has aroused the Latin American people to intensify their resistance against it. However much the U.S. imperialists may try to sabotage the liberation movement in Latin America, whether by trying to form armed forces for aggressive purposes, or through economic blackmail, they are doomed to failure. The people of many Latin American countries have taken up arms and they will lay them down only when they have freed their countries from U.S. aggression.

It is true that U.S. imperialism is down the slippery path and approaching its extinction. But it is also true that, possessing the nature of all imperialist powers, U.S. imperialism, too, will never exterminate itself. It will not reconcile itself to its fate, the fate that all imperialists had faced in the past, before it puts up a last-ditch struggle for survival. Therefore, we see that in its death throes, U.S. imperialism is struggling frantically to hold on to its waning

power in many parts of the world. It is desperately engineering, or trying to engineer, one coup after another and prop up a few puppets to serve its aims.

In Indonesia, U.S. imperialism and its agent, the CIA, after a long period of subversive activities and attempts of coups, have finally brought about a fascist military regime headed by the rightist generals, Nasution and Suharto. This fascist military regime is running amok, terrorizing, suppressing and persecuting the people of Indonesia, destroying the fruits and achievements of their revolution.

As we know, Indonesia had been in the forefront of the anti-imperialist struggles, firmly supporting the liberation movements in Asia, Africa and Latin America. We all have been witnessing the tremendous revolutionary upsurge in art, literature and culture in Indonesia before the event of October 1965. At that time, the Indonesian progressive writers and artists were engaged in a revolutionary offensive against the cultural infiltration and subversion of the U.S. imperialists and against sham revolutionary culture advocated by the apologists of "universal humanism," and to build up a people's culture with her own national identity. But today, we see that the Nasution-Suharto fascist military regime is tagging this country on to the tail-coat of U.S. imperialism and is trying to reverse the revolution of this country.

We, Afro-Asian writers, strongly denounce the barbarous crimes perpetrated by the Nasution-Suharto fascist military regime against the Indonesian people and express our firm support to the Indonesian revolutionary forces.

It is our firm belief that, armed with the experience of their revolutionary past and tempered in the present tempest of severe trials, the resistance movement of the patriotic Indonesian people will definitely gain momentum and that the dark night will soon be turned into a bright day of victory.

The right-wing coup in Ghana has completely exposed the perfidious scheme of the imperialists and colonialists, headed by the U.S., to attempt once more to recolonize young independent African states. This U.S.-British-hatched plot throws light on the new crude conspiracies of the imperialists against independent African states

to disrupt African unity. It is one of the attempts of the imperialists to retard the surging anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist movement in the African continent.

Ghana, since it attained independence, has been a thorn in the flesh of the imperialists, colonialists and their lackeys owing to its anti-imperialist stand. This act of sabotage perpetrated on Ghana is a barefaced scheme of the imperialists and colonialists led by the U.S. to overthrow, with the help of their local stooges, those governments in Africa which safeguard their sovereignty and independence.

In the past few years, the liberation movement in Africa has been growing day by day and the African peoples have taken a firm anti-imperialist stand and pursued an independent policy. It has so much frightened the imperialists that they are trying in a thousand and one ways to stem this tide and covertly or overtly undermine the African people's aspirations. This despicable action, designed and carried out together by the U.S. imperialists, the British colonialists and their stooges, constitutes an open challenge to all the African peoples and progressive peoples the world over. No country or nation in Africa, Asia or any other part of the world which cherishes freedom and peace, will fail to condemn this provocative attack carried out jointly by the imperialists and their running dogs. We know that the Ghanaian people are going through a test and we also know that the Ghanaian people will eventually emerge victorious.

These interventions and subversions of the U.S. imperialists give a clear indication of the sinister ambition they still harbour to oppress people and keep them under their heel. They show that the imperialists and colonialists, before their final collapse, will use their last bit of strength to stir up a temporary adverse current in a vain attempt to save themselves from their doom. The mad counter-offensives staged by the imperialists in certain countries have, contrary to their expectations, alerted the people to greater vigilance and resistance. They have only accelerated the speed of the mighty anti-imperialist storm that is spreading throughout Asia, Africa and Latin America.

While U.S. imperialism is meeting opposition from the people all over the world, including the American people themselves who

are giving it resounding blows from its very heart, while the great hurricane of the people's forces is smashing it to smithereens, we see today another dirty political trick being played by the Soviet revisionist leading group. While the rickety, shaky house of U.S. imperialism is crumbling to the ground, these hypocrite revolutionaries are today acting as props to save it. They have become a great defender of U.S. imperialism. They are collaborating and conniving with it to thwart the national liberation struggles now waged in many countries of the world. They have betrayed the revolutionary concepts and principles that are sacred and dear to all those who fight for their emancipation, peace and democracy.

In fact, they are none other than U.S. imperialist henchmen, saboteurs of national liberation movements and renegades selling out the interests of the Afro-Asian peoples. In fact, they act as the social prop for international imperialism, playing the inglorious role of a special detachment of imperialism in undermining the revolutionary struggle of the peoples and playing a part which no imperialists or reactionaries of any country could play. To realize their dream to dominate the world along with the U.S., they repeatedly croon praises for the imperialists, describe them as "enlightened groups," as "moderates" and say that Johnson has the "absolute mandate of the people." They repeatedly boast about their co-operation with the U.S. imperialists and propagate the saying that between the two countries there are "sufficiently broad areas for co-operation." They have concluded a great number of dirty political bargains with U.S. imperialism within and without the United Nations. They keep on declaring that it is possible to eliminate colonialism through the United Nations and to "bestow" independence on the oppressed peoples. In fact, they have been collaborating with U.S. imperialism in the United Nations to suppress the national liberation movements of the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America. The acts and deeds of these renegades can only serve to fully expose them as sham anti-imperialist fighters and real capitulators, fake revolutionaries and real betrayers, false friends and real splittists.

The revolutionary people of the world are today getting closer and closer and are being firmly united under the banner of anti-

imperialism, anti-colonialism and anti-neo-colonialism. Unlike those who pretend to be friends of the struggling people, we strive for unity based on a firm and correct anti-imperialist line. We want unity with all anti-imperialist revolutionary forces, and not unity with those who collaborate with and help the U.S. imperialists to suppress and oppress the people. We want unity, genuine unity, not sham unity. We can tell those fake revolutionaries that in a genuine, broad, united, international anti-U.S. imperialist front, they will have no place, because they have betrayed the people and their cause. If this united front could include these accomplices of U.S. imperialism, then would it not mean that U.S. imperialism itself could be included in it? Then, would not the united front against U.S. imperialism become a united front with U.S. imperialism? This is absolutely impossible. We can only do one thing in relation to them, and that is, to draw a thorough and clear-cut line of demarcation between them and ourselves in every respect, expose their criminal plots and fight against them.

Let these betrayers peacefully co-exist with the U.S. imperialists and compromise with them. But we cannot! We can neither co-exist nor compromise with them, because we know with certainty that U.S. imperialism is the common mortal enemy of the peoples of Asia and Africa and of the whole world.

As writers dedicated to the revolutionary cause of the people of the two continents, our duty and task is to turn our pen into a mighty weapon. All dark forces endangering the cause of revolution of the Asian and African peoples must be exposed and all revolutionary struggles which give impetus to their advance must be eulogized. This is the sacred duty cast upon us, the progressive Asian and African writers. For the Asian and African people's common and just cause, we should use our pen to hit hard and expose the common enemies of the Asian and African peoples — U.S. imperialism and its flunkies and the renegade features of the cunning and fake revolutionaries, so that the masses of people in Asia and Africa can see clearly who their enemies and who their friends are. Meanwhile, we have the duty to let the whole world know the true situation of the Asian and African peoples' struggle and the duty to use our pen to extol

their brave and magnificent spirit and encourage their militant will to fight against imperialism.

It is an incontrovertible truth that the source of all creative work is the people, their life and struggle. Militant and revolutionary writers must throw themselves into the seething struggle of the people. Only by so doing can we really understand the thoughts, feelings, aspirations and struggle of the people and turn out works which truly reflect their life and struggle, and contribute our share to their revolutionary cause. Art and literature should not, and cannot, be divorced from politics. Our criterion should be that all works which are helpful to the Asian and African people's solidarity against imperialism and for national liberation, and all works which promote the advance of history, are good works, while those which are detrimental to the Asian and African people's solidarity against imperialism and for national liberation, and all works which attempt to push history backward, are bad works. Herein lies the fundamental difference between the progressive, revolutionary art and literature of Asian and African peoples and the decadent and reactionary art and literature of imperialism and modern revisionism.

As we know, imperialism and colonialism often start their aggression by cultural infiltration. Art and literature are always one of the main weapons that they are utilizing to carry on aggression and infiltrate themselves into other countries. By such infiltration, U.S. imperialism intends to prepare the conditions to subvert, attack and invade other countries. U.S. imperialism exports, in large quantities, into Asian, African and Latin American countries their decadent literature, music, films, etc., overtly advertising sex and murder, advocating hypocritical humanitarianism, promoting the so-called American way of life, and spreading the horrors of war to step up its nuclear blackmail and threat. Their so-called works deliberately smear the image of the masses of the people and slander the people's revolution and the national liberation movement. All these decadent literary works, like "opium," poison and paralyse the minds of the Asian and African peoples, undermine their struggle and strangle the Asian and African national culture and traditions. We must not forget the fact that to attack and oppress other nations,

U.S. imperialism uses not only its military bases, but also its cultural bases. Therefore, either to win our independence or safeguard the independence we have already won, we have to destroy not only its military bases but also its cultural bases. The fact that many countries in the two continents of Asia and Africa have banned U.S. literature, music and films, closed down offices of the USIS and expelled the so-called U.S. Peace Corps, amply proves that the awakened Asian and African peoples have understood the dangerous influence the American cultural aggression exercises on the minds of the people and to what extent it can destroy a national culture.

In addition to opposing imperialist cultural aggression, we must also expose the "Trojan Horse" of U.S. imperialism, that is to say, the literature of Soviet modern revisionism. Their works can only

The Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting in Session



corrupt the minds and undermine the revolutionary fighting will of the Afro-Asian peoples. They preach capitulationism and the philosophy of survival at all costs. They tell people that, when the imperialists launch a war of aggression, one should get down on one's knees and surrender and not wage a war of resistance against aggression, in order to survive and preserve the cities. They oppose all wars, whether it is a war of aggression or a war against aggression, whether it is a just war or an unjust war. They openly advocate "East-West co-operation" in literature, declaring that "I am for peace—I am not only for peace with the United States of Julius Rosenberg and Howard Fast, but also for peace with the United States of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson." Such hypocrite writers in revolutionary cloaks are traitors through and through.

Dear colleagues, today, the world is undergoing a process of great upheaval, great division and great reorganization. We, as militant and progressive writers of Africa and Asia, have to be more vigilant and more conscious of our inviolable principles and sacred duties. It is bounden on us to actively participate in the struggle that is being waged against U.S. imperialism, its flunkys and its apologists. We must fight against their aggressions, bare their vicious crimes and expose the malicious propaganda they disseminate through their art and literature. We have to show and tell the world the capitulationist nature of the false revolutionaries and alert the people to the danger from these betrayers. As much as we must oppose the infiltration into our countries of art and literature of the imperialists, we must also firmly counter the spreading of anti-revolutionary ideas and capitulationist propaganda by those who pretend to be revolutionaries. The literature of the fake revolutionaries can exert a more poisonous effect than the reactionary literature of imperialism. Revolutionary art and literature are the product of revolutionary writers. If so, by what stretch of imagination these hypocrite revolutionaries call their art and literature revolutionary? Their art and literature are capitulationist art and literature. It is imperialism's special literary detachment which penetrates into Asian and African literature to carry out sabotage from within the ranks of Asian and African writers. As militant and progressive writers, we must distinguish between our ideas and those of the imperialists and their collaborators. We cannot, should not, tolerate any peaceful co-existence with them.

Dear colleagues, I would like to mention here, with much pride in my heart, that this meeting is being held during the upsurge of a tempestuous, great cultural revolution that is being carried out by our host, the Chinese people. It is only natural that we Asian and African writers take great interest in this revolution of the Chinese people. The resounding victory in China's great cultural revolution at present is not only giving immense impetus to China's socialist cause, but also creating a far-reaching impact on the revolutionary cause of the Afro-Asian peoples.

We are glad to note that a new situation has appeared in China's great cultural revolution. The broad masses of workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary intellectuals are not only masters of their country but also real masters in the realm of culture and ideology. They have broken away from old ideology and culture, old customs and habits and have created many works portraying new people, new thoughts, new customs and habits in literature, drama, music and art, which fully express the Chinese people's heroism and militancy in making history. We firmly believe that these new works of art and literature of the Chinese people will play a positive role in forwarding the literary movement in Asia and Africa.

Dear colleagues, since its founding, the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau has done much concrete and positive work and achieved definite results. I shall only give you a brief account of the work that we have been doing. The Bureau has issued many statements and documents, steadfastly supporting the Afro-Asian peoples in their struggle against imperialism and colonialism for national liberation. It has supported and participated in the activities of progressive international organizations. After the Bali Session of the Executive Committee, the Bureau sent out two friendship delegations, which visited 17 African and Asian countries, where they were warmly received by their colleagues and the people. These visits have strengthened the Afro-Asian people's revolutionary solidarity against imperialism, enhanced the militant friendship among Afro-Asian writers and promoted the cultural interflow in Asia and Africa. At the end of 1964, a Forum on Afro-Asian Literature was convened in Peking sponsored jointly by the Bureau and the Chinese Liaison Committee of Afro-Asian Writers. Writers from Cambodia, the Cameroon, Ceylon, China, Indonesia, Japan, Sudan, Thailand, and Zimbabwe took part and enthusiastically discussed the common fighting tasks of the people and writers of Asia and Africa. They also exchanged experiences on a broad scale about the people's struggle in these two continents and their literary work. It was unanimously agreed that the Afro-Asian writers must hold high the banner of opposing imperialism, headed by the United States, colonialism and neo-colonialism, and that the literary movement must

be integrated with the tasks of this struggle so that the pen of the writers can become a sharp weapon in the struggle. In order to further strengthen the cultural interflow among the Afro-Asian countries, encourage and learn from one another and promote a widespread dissemination of Afro-Asian revolutionary literature, the Bureau is editing and publishing an Afro-Asian Literature Series, in English and French. Six volumes of this are already in print, and they include *The Way He Lived* by Phan Thi Quyen and *The Village That Wouldn't Die* by Nguyen Ngoc, two books by Vietnamese authors, *The Silence of Ashes* by the Algerian writer Kaddour M'Hamsaji, *The Tornado of Africa* by the Malian poet Mamadou Gologo, *Poems from Nepal*, and *Stories About Vietnam* written by several Chinese writers. The common feature of these works is the combination of vivid revolutionary content and outstanding artistic form. We are sure that these works will be warmly received by the Afro-Asian readers. Other works which will be added to this series, we are convinced, will contribute new wealth to the Afro-Asian literary treasure-house. Moreover, the Bureau has also published *What Man Should Be to Man* by the Ceylonese writer, T. G. W. De Silva, who has recorded in verse the Bali Session of the Executive Committee and expressed the noble aims of the Afro-Asian writers' movement.

Meanwhile, Part II of Volume I of the *Anthology of Afro-Asian Poems* has been published and the *Selected Afro-Asian Stories* is now in preparation. In order to accumulate materials and promote the research and exchange in Afro-Asian literature, after due preparation and with the support of many Afro-Asian countries, the Bureau established an "Afro-Asian Library" in September 1964. This Library is located in Colombo and has a fairly large number of books, newspapers and periodicals in English, French, Chinese, Russian, Vietnamese, Mongolian, Sinhalese and other languages. The Bureau is now planning, on an offer from the Chinese friends, to establish an "Afro-Asian Sanatorium," which can be used by the writers of both continents. As for other work done by the Bureau, I do not propose to cite examples here one by one.

Whatever achievements we attain will certainly arouse the hatred of the enemy and the saboteurs. Similarly, owing to the development of the Afro-Asian writers' movement and the success achieved by the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau in its work, the special detachment of U.S. imperialism is resorting to all sorts of tricks in a vain attempt to undermine the Afro-Asian writers' movement and the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau. They attack the Afro-Asian writers' conference, alleging that the conference "only discusses politics, and not literature." This is a barefaced attempt to divorce literature from politics, revise the correct revolutionary, anti-imperialist line of unity of the Asian and African writers, and transform the Afro-Asian writers' conference into an organization of "peace, literature and welfare." They boycott and attack the work of the Bureau, seeking by various means to destroy the Bureau, or to get the Afro-Asian writers' movement into their hands so as to carry out their line of capitulation and splitting the revolutionary movements.

Acting as henchmen of the U.S. imperialists and reactionaries of various countries, the Soviet splittists have, to carry out their vicious schemes, precisely chosen this particular time when the Afro-Asian writers are strengthening their solidarity to support Vietnam and the national liberation struggles of other peoples in Asia and Africa.

Instigated and directed by the Soviet splittists, a fake meeting under the cloak of an "Emergency Meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau" was held in Cairo from June 19 to 20, 1966. This is a grave crime committed by the Soviet splittists to cause an open split in the Afro-Asian peoples' movement, the consequences of which are entirely their responsibility. They have taken the illegal and despicable step of creating a fake Afro-Asian writers' bureau and what they call "removing" our respected Secretary-General from his post.

It is really regrettable that Cairo has been made the venue of such a splittist meeting for the Soviet splittists to disrupt and sabotage the Afro-Asian writers' movement and the struggles of the Afro-Asian peoples.

The Soviet splittists have completely unmasked themselves when, at the illegal Cairo meeting, they proposed and decided to hold a so-called Afro-Asian writers' meeting in Baku, Soviet Azerbaijan.

Thus, after establishing a fake bureau, ridiculously appointing a so-called Secretary-General, etc., they go further to organize a fake Afro-Asian writers' meeting in the Soviet Union. I think it is now clear to everyone of us that the Soviet splittists are the real culprit, the main culprit of all the disruptive activities, which have been going on for some time against our movement and which have reached its climax at the Cairo splittist meeting.

After repeatedly warning them, the meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, held on June 23, 1966 in Peking, unanimously announced that "by such deliberate and intentional sabotaging of the Afro-Asian writers' movement, the splittist Soviet writers have totally divorced themselves from the ranks of the Afro-Asian writers and forfeited all their rights and place for ever in the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau."

The stand of the Bureau, in this respect, is in complete conformity with the wishes and demands of the Afro-Asian writers, who are greatly indignant at the sabotage activities carried out by the Soviet splittists.

The progressive Afro-Asian writers are dedicating themselves to a noble common task of the Afro-Asian peoples. We shall fulfil this. We will go on. No force of imperialists headed by the U.S. can stop us; no force of their lackeys can stop us; no force of their collaborators can stop us; no force on earth can stop us. We will fight and fight on; we will advance and march forward until we are completely victorious.

Thank you.

Kuo Mo-jo

Unity Against Imperialism — Historic Mission of Asian and African Writers

Dear friends, to create an anti-imperialist, revolutionary and national new culture and new literature and art of the masses of the people, the progressive Afro-Asian writers have already made outstanding contributions and created many militant works. This is something we Chinese writers should earnestly learn from. Here, on behalf of the Chinese people and the Chinese writers, I extend warm congratulations to the progressive Afro-Asian writers.

To exchange experience, please allow me to say something frankly about our situation.

Friends, when you set foot on our land, we are in the midst of an upsurge of a vigorous and unprecedented great socialist cultural revolution.

This is an extract from the speech made by Kuo Mo-jo, head of the Chinese delegation, at the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting on July 4, 1966.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung always teaches us: We must have a firm grip on ideology and the superstructure, consolidate our ideological positions and strengthen our state power; we must create and shape socialist new ideology, new culture and new literature and art in the tit-for-tat struggle against the reactionary ideology and culture.

The overthrown reactionary ruling classes also want to have a firm grip on ideology and the superstructure. Although their reactionary rule has been buried, their ideology still emanates the smell of its decaying corpse. In a thousand and one ways, they engage in anti-Party and anti-socialist propaganda through radio broadcasting, books and periodicals, films, dramas, dances, music, etc. They are a gang of enemies without guns, and the pens in their hands are weapons which kill without drawing blood. All their reactionary propaganda is designed to clear the way for the come-back of the bourgeoisie. It was with ideology and the superstructure that the Khrushchov revisionist group began its usurpation of the Soviet Party and state leadership and its restoration of capitalism in the Soviet Union. In the counter-revolutionary riot in Hungary in 1956 it was also a number of revisionist literary men who acted as the shock brigade.

Therefore the great socialist cultural revolution in our country is a struggle between the forces seeking restoration and the forces opposing restoration; it is a great revolutionary movement to dig out the evil root of revisionism, consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and ensure that China will not change colour for thousands of generations to come.

Since the unfolding of the movement, hundreds of millions of workers, peasants and soldiers, revolutionary cadres and intellectuals have launched fierce attacks on all the strongholds of reactionary ideology and culture, sweeping away all obstacles in the way, and proving themselves invincible everywhere. Ruthlessly and penetratingly they have criticized all the old ideology and culture, old customs and habits poisoning the people's mind and smashed to smithereens the reactionary strongholds in the ideological domain. They have written many excellent articles showing their creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought. A new era has

begun in which, as has never happened before, the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers have directly grasped and applied Marxism-Leninism and Mao Tse-tung's thought.

In the struggle to destroy the rotten ideology and culture, the revolutionary literature and art of the proletariat are shining with extraordinary brilliance. The old Peking opera of China, this most stubborn stronghold, has been taken by storm with the emergence of Peking operas on contemporary revolutionary themes like *Shachiapang*, *Taking the Bandits' Stronghold*, *Raid on the White Tiger Regiment* and *The Red Lantern*. Foreign classical art forms like the ballet and symphonic music have undergone a revolutionary transformation with the emergence of the ballets *The Red Detachment of Women* and *The White-Haired Girl* and the symphony *Shachiapang*. The sculpture *Compound Where Rent Was Collected* has ushered in a revolutionary upsurge in the sculptural art. *The East Is Red*, a large-scale revolutionary song and dance pageant, reflects the heroic struggle of the Chinese people to change heaven and earth and ardently sings the praises of the great victory of Mao Tse-tung's thought. The novel *The Song of Ouyang Hai* is an epoch-making work, which shows that socialist literature has an inconceivably vast domain. The plays, *On Guard Beneath the Neon Lights* and *War Drums on the Equator* and the large numbers of poems and songs contributed by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers to wall and blackboard newspapers are all examples of new and original socialist and proletarian works which mark an entirely new age both in ideological content and artistic form.

Our great cultural revolution is still going on unabated, and we are firmly convinced that under the radiance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, a splendid, socialist new literature and art and new culture unprecedented in history will be created continuously.

Some gentlemen abroad are slandering us as "destroying culture." Yes, we are destroying the decadent culture of imperialism, modern revisionism and all exploiting classes. We shall not only destroy such decadent culture but also eliminate it thoroughly. Only by destroying and eliminating these rotten things, will it be possible to really absorb the excellent fruits created in the history of mankind.

Our attitude towards the long-standing ancient culture of our country is to reject its dregs and assimilate its fine elements and to critically take over what is required by socialism. As for the foreign progressive culture, we advocate critical assimilation of whatever is useful to us today so as to use this as an example. However, taking over legacies and using them as examples can on no account take the place of creative work. This is an encouraging guidance given us by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The historic mission of our writers and people is to create a socialist new culture and socialist new literature and art. The present great cultural revolution should be regarded as a grand prelude to our creation of a new socialist culture.

Some gentlemen abroad also say that our struggle is "directed against all intellectuals." This is sheer nonsense. As you can see clearly, China's great socialist cultural revolution is directed only against a handful of anti-Party, anti-socialist elements. They are nothing but a few flies in late autumn dashing themselves against the wall everywhere and droning their own pathetic elegies. With regard to the large number of intellectuals from the old society, the Chinese Communist Party has always adopted the policy of uniting with them, educating them and remoulding them, so that all those intellectuals who are really willing to make progress may be prompted to take the road of revolutionization. Under the brilliant light of Mao Tse-tung's thought, the ranks of the new-type intellectuals of the working people are steadily growing, expanding and courageously marching forward in the course of the struggle for production which changes heaven and earth.

Dear friends, permit me to take up some more of your precious time here to denounce the lies and slanders concerning me which those foreign gentlemen hurled at my country.

It happened like this. Two and a half months ago, at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress on April 14, we heard a report on cultural work by a responsible comrade of the Ministry of Culture. The report dealt with the achievements of the cultural revolution in our country and the great role played by the broad masses of workers, peasants and soldiers and revolu-

tionary cadres in cultural work, pointing out that the contingent of new-type intellectuals had expanded and that many fruitful results had been achieved. I was elated by this and delivered a speech extempore in which I made a frank self-criticism to express my sincere feelings.

I said that in his *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, Chairman Mao Tse-tung called on us literary and art workers to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers. Today, after a lapse of 24 years, we have not only failed to serve well the workers, peasants and soldiers; on the contrary, it is the workers, peasants and soldiers who have taken a further step and served us even on the literary and art front. Their creative works in literature and art have much greater vitality and are more instructive than those of us, the professional writers. When they discuss philosophy they can do it much better and in a way that suits more the actual situation than some of our professors of philosophy. This is mainly because the workers, peasants and soldiers are adept at studying and applying Mao Tse-tung's thought creatively. Not stopping at learning from books, they learn from practice in life, and from the struggle for production and class struggle. What they have learnt they apply immediately and as soon as they have grasped the knowledge they translate it into action, thus gaining quick and profound results. But the intellectuals, priggish and self-assertive, are incapable of earnestly acting on Chairman Mao's instructions and so they make little headway and lag far behind the workers, peasants and soldiers. Some of them have even degenerated and fallen into the mire of opposing the Party, socialism and Mao Tse-tung's thought and become targets of the great cultural revolution.

Deeply impressed, I rejoiced at the victories scored in the cultural revolution and, at the same time, I was aroused to my responsibility as an intellectual. I made a critical examination of myself, stating that by the standards of today, what I wrote in the past was of little worth and, strictly speaking, should be burnt. This was my sublimated sense of responsibility and what I spoke was from the bottom of my heart. But it did not occur to me that when these words of mine got abroad, they caused a sensation in the world. Not a few sincere

friends have shown deep concern for which I am grateful. But in the newspapers and magazines in the capitalist and modern revisionist countries, an anti-China campaign of considerable magnitude was whipped up. They deliberately distorted my speech and used it to attack the great cultural revolution in my country.

It is interesting to note that a Japanese critic alleged that I had been forced to make a self-criticism and to burn my own books and, according to him, this was an act of brutality and arrogance worse than that of the Emperor Chin Shih Huang who had burnt books and buried scholars alive more than two thousand years ago. That critic accused me of being "morally decadent," and congratulated himself for having been born in Japan where there was "hundred per cent freedom of speech and of the press." This gentleman of high moral standards, I admit, really enjoys "hundred per cent freedom"; but what is regrettable is that his is the "hundred per cent freedom" of rumour and slander-mongering, of revealing his own ignorance and opposing the people and socialism.

It is absolutely normal in our country for a revolutionary writer, who is responsible to the people, constantly to remould himself and to make serious self-criticism from time to time. It is not at all strange that this is beyond the comprehension of the journalists of the capitalist and revisionist countries. However, they laughed too soon. They said that I, the alleged "morally decadent" person, had surely been dismissed from office and even lost freedom. Just imagine, a Chinese writer who has lost his freedom now heads the Chinese writers' delegation, and was elected by you as Chairman of the current Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting and is free to speak from this august rostrum to the writers from 53 Afro-Asian countries and regions. Isn't this a most interesting tale, the one thousand and second night to the *Arabian Nights*?

There are more interesting mud-throwing and distortions of facts. In my speech of self-criticism which I have just mentioned, I said that I wanted to learn from the workers, peasants and soldiers, that I wished to go to the countryside to get myself covered all over with mud, that I wished to go to a factory to be greased with oil and dirt, and that if U.S. imperialism should dare to impose war on

the Chinese people, I would throw a few hand-grenades at the U.S. imperialists and get myself stained with blood. This statement represents the lofty aspirations cherished by all the Chinese people today.

But these remarks were twisted beyond recognition by the journalists in certain countries. They alleged that I had been persecuted and was to undergo ideological remoulding through manual labour, and that I had begged the U.S. imperialists: "Shoot at me first!" How interesting! It is a vivid picture of those miserable souls who hold the United States in great awe, fearing and currying favour with it.

The Soviet journal *Literaturnaya Gazeta* did it in a novel way. It reprinted in its May 5 issue almost the full text of my speech. Since the revisionists usurped state power in the Soviet Union, the Soviet press has, as a rule, never reprinted Chinese articles. Then why is it that I was accorded preferential treatment this time? There was some ulterior motive behind it. They thought that I had fallen into disgrace and so they played up in their press what they believed to be the evidence of my disgrace. They consider it a disgrace when a writer with a sense of responsibility makes a serious self-criticism, while they feel it an unmatched "honour" when Sholokhov received the gun-powder-smelling Nobel prize. Herein one can see the essence of the modern revisionists. And what difference is there between them and the journalists in the capitalist countries?

Such are the performances of distortion and rumour-mongering by some gentlemen in the capitalist and revisionist countries. They are hostile to China and to our great cultural revolution. Their specialty is to cook up anti-China opinion. They are a handful of "morally decadent" swindlers in the true sense of the term and loud-speakers for imperialism and revisionism.

The so-called "public opinion" of the imperialists should always be understood in its opposite sense. What the imperialists call "peace" means "aggression," "freedom" means "enslavement" and "aid" means "extortion." What the revisionists say should also be viewed in this light; particularly their so-called "united action" in fact means the splittist action aimed at allying with U.S. imperialism.

But such anti-China hullabaloo has its value in the negative sense. When the imperialists and the revisionists set out to oppose us, it

shows that we are constantly advancing. Should the imperialists and the revisionists start praising us, it would prove that we have degenerated. In that event, we would request the progressive Afro-Asian writers to denounce us relentlessly and severely.

Dear friends, July 1, three days ago, was the 45th anniversary of the founding of our Party. It is during these 45 years that the Chinese revolution has developed through uninterrupted struggles, and that Comrade Mao Tse-tung has continually developed Marxism-Leninism by creatively integrating the truth of Marxism-Leninism with the concrete practice of the Chinese revolution. In these 45 years, we went through numerous difficulties and hardships and also experienced the worst setbacks. We can never forget the mass slaughter by Chiang Kai-shek in 1927; we can never forget the 25,000-li Long March and we can never forget the life for more than ten years in the cave residence in Yen-an, which ended 17 years ago. However, our Party has grown in strength amidst hard struggles. Under the beacon light of Mao Tse-tung's thought which has been developing continuously, out of the cave residence in Yen-an has grown the People's Republic of China of today. In our People's Republic of China today, red successors are emerging in an unending flow. We have still more friends everywhere in the world. Can't we then build a great edifice of new culture and new literature and art which will surpass those of all our ancestors and illuminate the hundreds of generations to come?

We answer in the affirmative: Surely we can! But we must always keep the Yen-an spirit alive and always study and apply Mao Tse-tung's thought creatively and must not slacken in the least for a single moment.

Friends, Mao Tse-tung's thought is undoubtedly the acme of Marxism-Leninism in the present era. Chairman Mao's works are the supreme directives for all our work.

Through our own protracted revolutionary struggle, we Chinese people have understood deeply:

Whenever we act according to Mao Tse-tung's thought, the revolution will go on smoothly; the moment we deviate from Mao Tse-

tung's thought to the slightest degree, the revolution will suffer setbacks and failure.

At whatever post, as long as we act according to Mao Tse-tung's thought, the work will go on smoothly; if, at any post, we deviate a bit from Mao Tse-tung's thought, the work will suffer setbacks and failure.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is not only applicable to the revolutionary, political and ideological struggles, but also applicable to the struggle for production, literary creation and scientific researches.

In our country, the creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought by the Tachai peasants has made it possible to change the poor and barren ravine "The Wolf's Lair" into fertile farmland. The creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought by the Taching workers has enabled China to meet its needs in petroleum. The creative study and application of Mao Tse-tung's thought by our scientists has enabled them to produce far better synthetic insulin than West Germany or the United States.

The Chinese People's Liberation Army founded by Chairman Mao is all the more a model in creatively studying and applying Chairman Mao's works. By relying on it we have achieved the victory in the Chinese revolution; and also by relying on it we are able to defend the frontiers of our motherland more securely and safeguard world peace. It is not only a combat force, but at the same time an army of production, an army of culture. Together with the entire Chinese people, we Chinese writers are learning from it. Together with the P.L.A., we will "study Chairman Mao's works, follow Chairman Mao's teachings, act in accordance with Chairman Mao's instructions and be Chairman Mao's good fighters."

The Chinese writers' practice in struggle and creative activities has fully demonstrated that if we have been able to do something useful to the people, the fundamental reason is no other than the fact that we have got the instructions from our great leader — Chairman Mao.

Dear friends, we are extremely delighted to note that the revolutionary people all over the world also cherish a boundless love for Chairman Mao. From this grand rostrum, many friends have sung the praises of Chairman Mao from the depth of their hearts. We

regard all this as an encouragement and impetus to us. On behalf of the Chinese writers and the Chinese people, I would like to express our heartfelt thanks to you all.

Dear friends, at the Meeting, the Indonesian delegate proposed to shift the venue for the Third Conference of the Afro-Asian Writers from Djakarta to Peking and this was seconded by the delegates of many countries. We are deeply moved by the importance and trust they attach to China. If this is adopted in the form of a resolution at the Meeting, we will be glad to undertake this glorious task. We will be pleased to do the preparatory work well together with our friends and will surely make the Third Conference of the Afro-Asian Writers another grand and successful meeting.

This Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting in Peking will be an important milestone in the further development of the Afro-Asian writers' movement. Our banner has become even brighter and our ranks have further expanded. The 2,000 million people of Asia and Africa and the progressive people all over the world are fixing their eyes on us, all expecting us to make new contributions to the cause of unity against imperialism. We must live up to the people's high expectations. Let us rally under the banner of the international united front against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys, constantly exchange experience, constantly inspire each other so as to strengthen our friendship with each passing day and enable our militant works to blossom one after another like the hundred flowers in spring.

Forward to the battle! The people and the progressive writers of Asia, Africa and the whole world, get further united, march forward in step, oppose splittism and capitulationism and carry the struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism through to the end!

Forward to the battle! Sweep away all obstacles — the imperialist and revisionist decadent culture — in our way forward and advance triumphantly towards the rejuvenation of literature and art in our new era!

Forward to the battle! Let us raise our arms and hail a new world which will surely come into being, a world without imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism!

Vietnam is sure to win and U.S. imperialism is sure to be defeated!

The people of Asia and Africa are sure to win and imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism are sure to be defeated!

Long live the anti-imperialist solidarity of the Afro-Asian writers!

Long live the great unity of the Afro-Asian people!

Long live the great unity of the people of the world!

of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation and several other sub-groups.

The Meeting warmly thanks all the heads of state and political workers who have responded to the invitation for their messages of greetings and support.

Promptly reacting to the harsh bombardment of the Republic of Vietnam, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and Hanoi, the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting has decided to hold its Third Conference in Peking, China, in 1968.

The Meeting warmly thanks all the heads of state and political workers who have responded to the invitation for their messages of greetings and support.

The Meeting warmly thanks all the heads of state and political workers who have responded to the invitation for their messages of greetings and support.

(1) Support for the Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression for the liberation of the south for the defence of the north, and for the reunification of their motherland.
(2) Tasks of the women in the Afro-Asian people's struggle against imperialism headed by the United States and for the winning and establishing of national independence.
(3) Opposition to colonial aggression from imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism, and development of national culture of the people of Afro-Asian countries.

Communique of the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting

Warmly responding to the invitation of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, 161 writer delegates from 53 countries and regions of Asia and Africa and observers from 5 international organizations have come to Peking, capital of the People's Republic of China, to attend the Emergency Meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers from June 27 to July 9, 1966, to discuss the following agenda:

- 1) Support for the Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression, for the liberation of the south, for the defence of the north, and for the reunification of their motherland.
- 2) Tasks of the writers in the Afro-Asian people's struggle against imperialism headed by the United States and for the winning and safeguarding of national independence.
- 3) Opposition to cultural aggression from imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism; and development of national culture of the peoples of Afro-Asian countries.

The successful holding of the Meeting, the most representative and largest of its kind ever held in our continents, is a crushing blow to the deliberate schemes of imperialism and its accomplices to sabotage and undermine it.

The Meeting heard the general report of the Secretary-General of the Bureau, two special reports on Vietnam by the delegations of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation and several other sub-reports.

The Meeting warmly thanks all the heads of state and political, workers' and popular organizations for their messages of greetings and encouragements that they addressed to the Meeting.

Promptly reacting to the wanton bombing of Hanoi, capital of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and Haiphong, and voicing the boundless indignation of the Afro-Asian peoples, it issued an urgent appeal strongly condemning this piratical action of U.S. imperialism and expressing resolute support for the just struggle of the Vietnamese brothers. The Meeting considers that since U.S. imperialism has further expanded its war of aggression, the people of various countries have every right to support and assist the Vietnamese people by all the means at their disposal.

The Meeting unanimously passed a Resolution on Vietnam in which it expresses total approval of and unreserved support for the four-point stand of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the five-part statement of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, considering them as the only correct stand upon which the Vietnam problem should be solved. It also calls upon the Afro-Asian peoples to expose and condemn all forms of "peace negotiations" hoax of U.S. imperialism and its accomplices. The Meeting considers it absolutely just for the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation to reject the so-called "peace negotiations" of U.S. imperialism.

The Meeting calls on the people of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the world to do their utmost to give maximum support to the Vietnamese people in their struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression and for national salvation. This support should be maintained and

strengthened ever more until the complete collapse of the American aggressors and their total expulsion from Vietnam.

The Meeting has also adopted a series of resolutions expressing firm support for the struggle of all the peoples of Asia and Africa against imperialism and colonialism, old and new: British, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Belgian, headed by the United States of America, and against racialism and Zionism and for winning and safeguarding their national independence. The Meeting extends whole-hearted support to the armed struggles and all other forms of patriotic struggles against imperialism headed by the United States in Laos, Thailand, Malaya (including Singapore), North Kalimantan, Indonesia, Kashmir and in other parts of Asia; in Palestine, occupied south Yemen, Oman and in other Arab countries which have been divided and sub-divided by the imperialists; in the Congo (L), Angola, Mozambique, Niger, "Portuguese" Guinea, Ghana, Malgache, Zimbabwe, Azania, Basutoland and other carved-up countries in southern Africa.

The Meeting unanimously considers that the principal task of the Afro-Asian peoples at present is to eliminate completely all forces and influences of imperialism and colonialism in the political, economic and cultural domains and to carry the struggle for national liberation through to the end.

The Meeting emphasizes that U.S. imperialism is the most ferocious enemy of the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America and of the whole world. These peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America and the world over have thus the pressing duty to forge a genuine and strong international united front in order to annihilate these evil forces: U.S. imperialism and its accomplices. The Afro-Asian writers are determined to make maximum contributions to this united front against U.S. imperialism.

The Meeting considers that the Afro-Asian writers must defend their national culture and create, develop and enrich this culture. They should therefore immediately undertake the realization of a national new culture and new literature and art of the people which serve the anti-imperialist revolution, and struggle relentlessly against all imperialist, colonialist, neo-colonialist as well as other reactionary, decadent culture and literature and art. The Afro-Asian writers

regard this determination as a sacred task and will dedicate their works to the struggle of their peoples.

In the framework of safeguarding and defending the Afro-Asian writers' movement against the attempts and schemes of the imperialists and their accomplices, the Meeting supports the solemn statement of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau dated June 23, 1966, condemning the splittist meeting. The Meeting considers that all the illegal decisions made there, including the one regarding the holding of a so-called Afro-Asian writers' conference in Baku, are acts sabotaging the unity of Afro-Asian writers and disrupting the entire Afro-Asian peoples' cause of unity against imperialism.

The Meeting energetically supports the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau which met in Peking, and declares that the Bureau is the sole organ responsible for the administration and activities of the Afro-Asian writers until the convocation of the Third Conference.

The Meeting condemns in advance all splittist manoeuvres and attempts that may be manifested before the next Conference.

With the aim of further consolidating the Afro-Asian writers' movement and its Bureau and making maximum contributions to the struggle of the Afro-Asian peoples, the Meeting decides that the Third Afro-Asian Writers' Conference will be held in the People's Republic of China.

The Statement of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau

The meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau, held on June 23, 1966, in Peking, participated in by Cameroon, Ceylon, China, Ghana, Indonesia, Japan and Sudan, warmly welcomes the Afro-Asian writers who have already arrived in Peking from 35 countries to attend the Afro-Asian Writers' Emergency Meeting in support of the Vietnamese people's struggle and the national liberation struggles of all other Afro-Asian peoples.

The meeting is glad to note that delegations from more countries are on their way to attend the Emergency Meeting.

It notes that all the Afro-Asian writers who have come to participate in the Emergency Meeting have expressed their complete satisfaction with the preparations made so far by the Bureau, and their determination to make the forthcoming Emergency Meeting a complete success.

This statement was issued by the meeting of the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau held on June 23, 1966.

Voicing the just feelings and great indignation of Afro-Asian writers, the Bureau meeting strongly condemns and denounces the illegal and ridiculous decisions of the splittist meeting held in Cairo from June 19 to 20, 1966, to set up a bogus "Afro-Asian writers' bureau" in Cairo and its so-called "removal" of our respected Secretary-General from his post.

Another illegal and absurd resolution of the Cairo splittist meeting to hold a so-called Afro-Asian writers' meeting in Baku, Soviet Azerbaijan, clearly exposes the fact that the Soviet splittists are the main culprit of all the treacherous and disruptive activities to undermine and sabotage the Afro-Asian writers' movement and national liberation struggles.

Those illegal and preposterous decisions constitute not only an insult to the Bureau and its Secretary-General, but also to all revolutionary Afro-Asian writers.

The meeting unanimously announces that by such deliberate and intentional sabotaging of the Afro-Asian writers' movement, the splittist Soviet writers have totally divorced themselves from the ranks of the Afro-Asian writers and forfeited all rights and place, for ever, in the Afro-Asian Writers' Bureau.

It is much to be regretted that Cairo has been made the venue of such splittist activities.

The Afro-Asian writers reaffirm their determination to hold aloft the banner of solidarity and revolution and to march forward, shoulder to shoulder, with the Afro-Asian peoples to fight against their common enemy, U.S. imperialism, and its accomplices and apologists.

Resolution on the Vietnam Problem

We, representatives of writers of Asian and African countries attending the Emergency Meeting of Asian and African Writers in support of the Vietnamese people against American imperialist aggression, held in Peking, capital of the People's Republic of China, from June 27 to July 9, 1966, have made a survey of the serious situation caused by the American imperialists' war of aggression in Vietnam.

After hearing the reports on the situation in Vietnam presented by the representative of the Vietnam Writers' Association and the representative of the Literature and Art Association for the Liberation of South Vietnam, in the name of the writers and people of Asian and African countries, we denounce with immense anger the criminal war of aggression against Vietnam waged by the American imperialists, and express our warm support for the valiant struggle waged by the Vietnamese people in both North and South Vietnam against the American aggressors to defend their national rights.

For 12 years now, the American imperialists have conducted uninterrupted aggression against Vietnam. They have trampled underfoot the Vietnamese people's sacred national rights: independence, sovereignty, unity, and territorial integrity, and seriously sabotaged the 1954 Geneva agreements which they had solemnly recognized. Together with their puppets, the traitors, they have pursued extremely cruel policies aimed at turning South Vietnam into a new-type colony and military base for aggression against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and other countries in Indo-China and Southeast Asia; they had hoped that the South Vietnamese people would surrender to them. But the people of heroic South Vietnam have refused to submit. They have courageously risen up to struggle uninterruptedly, with arms in their hands, against the American aggressors and their valets, storming ahead to score success after success. The American imperialists' "special war" came to grief. In the hope of saving themselves from total collapse, the American imperialists on the one hand rashly sent hundreds of thousands of troops to South Vietnam, and on the other, brazenly started air and naval attacks against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, a member of the socialist camp and an independent and sovereign country. Frenziedly intensifying their war of aggression against both zones of Vietnam, the American imperialists have perpetrated untold barbarous crimes against the Vietnamese people, which have been vigorously condemned by men of conscience all over the world.

In South Vietnam, the American imperialists have introduced to date over 280,000 American troops, over 30,000 troops from American satellite countries, and used over half a million puppet troops, for intensifying their war of aggression in the hope of seizing South Vietnam by force. The American troops have put to current and general use thousands of tons of toxic chemicals and poison gases, hundreds of thousands of tons of phosphorus and napalm bombs; they have used B-52 bombers, etc., to massacre the civilian population, old folk, women, children, and to destroy crops and villages. Since the beginning of 1965, they have repeatedly launched big-scale operations and carried out wherever they went the policy of "burning all,

destroying all, and killing all" in the hope of subduing the people of South Vietnam.

In North Vietnam, the American imperialists have violated in a brazen and dastardly manner the sovereignty of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; they have used air and naval forces for wanton attacks on villages and hamlets, towns and cities, schools, hospitals, kindergartens, churches, pagodas, market-places, mines, factories, fields, dams and dykes, bridges, roads, etc. On June 29 and 30, 1966, the American imperialists bombed and strafed Hanoi, the capital of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, and the port of Haiphong, the second largest city in North Vietnam, thus intensifying their war of "escalation" to a new and extremely serious degree.

Parallel to the intensification of their war of aggression against both zones of Vietnam, North and South, the American imperialists have stepped up their war of aggression in Laos, using even B-52 strategic bombers to conduct bombing and strafing raids on many places in the liberated zones of the Laotian people, and have never ceased to violate the sovereignty and territory of the peaceful and neutral Kingdom of Cambodia.

To conduct aggression on both zones of Vietnam, the American imperialists have used not only their forces in South Vietnam and the forces of their Seventh Fleet off the shore of Vietnam, but also their forces stationed in Thailand, Guam, Okinawa, the Philippines, etc. The American imperialists' war of aggression in Vietnam has seriously sabotaged peace in Indo-China, trampled on all agreements and international laws, on fundamental national rights, attacked the national liberation movement which is rising tempestuously in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, and threatened peace in Southeast Asia and the world.

The scope of the crimes perpetrated by the American imperialists against the Vietnamese people proves that they are the most ferocious war criminals of our time. The facts in Vietnam prove that the American imperialists are even more barbarous, more cruel and more damnable than the Hitlerian fascists formerly. The American imperialists are the enemy Number One of the people of Vietnam, of Asia and

Africa, and of the whole world. The crimes they have committed in Vietnam have provoked the wrath of conscientious writers in Asia and Africa and of peace and justice loving writers all over the world.

The struggle being waged by the Vietnamese people against American imperialist aggression to defend national independence, sovereignty, unity and territorial integrity is a wholly just struggle. In this struggle, the heroic Vietnamese people have set a brilliant example representative of the valiant fighting spirit and the determination to win independence and freedom of the Asian and African peoples, in the face of all schemes and violence of the imperialist forces, headed by the U.S. imperialists and their reactionary flunkys.

The people of South Vietnam have perseveringly and courageously struggled over the past 12 years against the American imperialists and their flunkys, and repeatedly foiled their schemes of aggression and enslavement. Following the massive sendings of American troops to South Vietnam, the valiant South Vietnamese people have continued to give a strong impetus to their war of resistance for national salvation, holding firm the initiative in uninterrupted attacks on the enemy, whether in the dry or rainy season, dealing heavy blows to him in mountain regions, in the plains and in the towns and cities, and scoring great political and military victories. During the five months of the dry season alone (from November 1965 to March 1966), when the American aggressors had nursed wild hopes of winning back the initiative, the people and armed forces of valiant South Vietnam put out of action 114,000 enemy troops, among them over 43,000 American and satellite troops, shot down or destroyed on the ground 1,440 aircraft, destroyed or damaged 1,310 military vehicles of various types, etc. Having suffered heavy setbacks during the past dry season, the American imperialist aggressors are suffering still heavier defeats in the present rainy season.

The people of heroic North Vietnam with their invincible popular armed forces have fought with extreme gallantry and meted out deserved punishment to the American aggressors. To date, over 1,100 U.S. aircraft have been shot down, and a large number of U.S. air pirates killed or captured. Under barbarous bombings by the U.S. aggressors, the North Vietnamese people none the less step up

production work, go on with the building of the material and technical bases of socialism in the North, with the watchwords: "The hammer in one hand, a gun in the other" — "driving the plough with one hand while holding a gun in the other." The more bombings are carried out by the U.S. aggressors, the higher rises the emulation movement against U.S. aggression for national salvation. Agricultural and industrial production develops strongly. Cultural and artistic activities become more and more an efficient weapon in the fight against U.S. imperialist aggression.

American bombs and shells dropped on North Vietnam have made her 19 million people rise in anger and hatred, united in one solid bloc under the leading banner of the Vietnam Workers' Party and the Government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam headed by President Ho Chi Minh, determined to fight to the end together with their 14 million southern compatriots against the American aggressors to defend the North, liberate the South and progress towards national reunification.

The Meeting sends its cordial greetings and expresses its militant solidarity with the heroic Vietnamese people now standing on the world peoples' frontline of struggle against American imperialism, to the patriotic and progressive writers of South Vietnam now standing shoulder to shoulder with their compatriots in their valiant struggle against the American imperialists and their agents amidst extremely hard and difficult conditions, to the writers of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam who are courageously working and writing to serve their people and their fatherland against American imperialist aggression. The Meeting expresses its profound admiration for the heroic people of both North and South Vietnam.

Facing the spirit of heroic struggle of the Vietnamese people of both zones, the American imperialists have suffered repeated heavy defeats. However, due to their reactionary, aggressive and obdurate nature, they have refused to give up their aggressive designs on Vietnam. The more defeats they suffer, the more frenziedly they intensify their war of aggression. In order to cover up their abominable crimes, every time they push their war of aggression against Vietnam, the American imperialists noisily advertise deceitful propositions

about their "will for peace" and about "unconditional negotiations." But the mendacious "peace" catchwords of the American imperialists can deceive no one. The people of Vietnam, the people of Asian and African countries, and the people of the whole world have clearly seen that the so-called "peace negotiations" proposed by U.S. President Johnson are but a smokescreen designed to cover up the intensification and expansion of the American imperialists' war of aggression against Vietnam.

The American imperialists have rigged up in South Vietnam a puppet administration serving as a tool for repression of the South Vietnamese people. Under the pretext of keeping their "commitments" to their agents, the Saigon puppet administration, they have launched a war of aggression on Vietnam. But everyone knows that the Saigon puppets are but traitors to Vietnam, contemptible flunkies of the American imperialists. They not only cannot represent the people of South Vietnam but are also despised, spat on and cursed by the latter. In face of the armed struggle and political struggle of the South Vietnamese people, the puppet administration rigged up in Saigon by the American imperialists is clearly disintegrating and will not escape collapse. The situation recently prevailing in the towns and cities of South Vietnam is additional proof of that.

The South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, the sole genuine representative of the people of South Vietnam, has rallied all strata of the South Vietnamese people in the great struggle against the American imperialists for self-liberation. The programme of the Front faithfully reflects the interest and aspirations of the people of South Vietnam. Under the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation's clear-sighted leadership, the South Vietnamese people have fought heroically and liberated four-fifths of the territory of South Vietnam with a population of over 10 million. In the regions still temporarily under the control of the American imperialists and their agents, political and military struggle is being expanded. The Front's prestige is mounting at home and abroad.

The Vietnamese people's valiant struggle proves that no matter how many more troops the American imperialists send in, no matter how many modern weapons they resort to, they will not escape

defeat in face of the "determined to fight and win" spirit of a people who have united and risen up to struggle against foreign aggression for their liberation. The Vietnamese people's valiant struggle and glorious victories prove that the American imperialists, though ferocious, are not to be feared. Through their heroic and continuously victorious struggle the Vietnamese people have proved to the world that it is wholly possible to defeat the American imperialists. In fact, the American imperialists have suffered and are suffering repeated and heavy setbacks in both zones of Vietnam. By their valiant struggle, the Vietnamese people have set a shining example of resolute struggle against aggressive imperialism for self-liberation. The Vietnamese people's struggle against American imperialism for national salvation is the apex of the struggle being waged by the peoples of the world against American imperialism, the enemy Number One of mankind. This struggle is an extremely great source of encouragement for the people of Asian and African countries and of other countries of the world now engaged in struggle against imperialism, and colonialism old and new, headed by American imperialism. This struggle is an extremely precious contribution to the support for the struggle movement of the people of various countries for national independence, democracy, peace and social progress. The people of all countries of the world have the duty to extend to this struggle warm sympathy and whole-hearted support.

We, representatives of Asian and African writers attending the Emergency Meeting of Asian and African writers in support of the Vietnamese people against American imperialist aggression, after a general survey of the situation in Vietnam, have unanimously passed the following resolution:

- To severely condemn the American imperialists for carrying out a barbarous war of aggression against the Vietnamese people, brazenly violating the national independence, sovereignty, unity and territorial integrity of Vietnam;
- To warmly hail the heroic Vietnamese people in both zones, North and South, of Vietnam, who are valiantly struggling against American imperialist aggression, and who, in the face of the

intensification of American armed aggression, have dealt and are dealing crushing blows at the American aggressors;

- To express total approval of and unreserved support for the four-point stand of the Government of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and the five-point declaration of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, considering them as the only correct stand on which to solve the Vietnam problem;

- To recognize the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation as the sole genuine representative of the 14 million South Vietnamese people; the internal affairs of South Vietnam must be settled by the South Vietnamese people themselves in accordance with the programme of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation;

- To call on Asian and African writers, members of the Asian and African Writers' Organization, and on all other progressive and democratic writers in the world to give all-out support to the Vietnamese people in their sacred struggle for national salvation against American imperialist aggression.

Asian and African writers!

Writers in all countries!

Men of conscience all over the world!

The American imperialists are conducting an extremely barbarous war in Vietnam. Although having suffered heavy defeats and getting into a more and more dangerous situation, they are stubbornly intensifying and expanding their war of aggression. By continuing to "escalate" the war of aggression in Vietnam, they are seriously threatening peace in Southeast Asia and the world. Stop the blood-stained hands of the American imperialists! The heroic Vietnamese people are shedding their blood to stop the American imperialists' aggression. Give whole-hearted, timely and all-out support to their resistance war against American imperialism and for national salvation, by all effective means!

Denounce severely, before the whole of mankind, the barbarous crimes perpetrated by the American imperialists in Vietnam!

Expose the "peace negotiations" hoax of the American imperialists!

Demand that the American imperialists put an end to their war of aggression in Vietnam, withdraw all U.S. and satellite troops from South Vietnam, dismantle all U.S. military bases in South Vietnam!

Demand that the American imperialists put an immediate, definite and unconditional end to their bombing of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam!

The South Vietnamese people must be left to settle their own affairs in accordance with the programme of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation, without any interference from the American imperialists!

The Vietnamese people in both zones of Vietnam must be left to settle themselves the problem of the reunification of Vietnam without any interference from the American imperialists!

The people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the people of the socialist countries, the people of the whole world, united and struggling resolutely, will certainly inflict total defeat on the American imperialists' aggressive designs!

Let the American people and American progressive writers, who have valiantly struggled against the American Government's war of aggression in Vietnam, struggle still more vigorously against the American Government, unite closely with the people of Vietnam and of the whole world, and bring to failure the American imperialists' war of aggression in Vietnam!

The American imperialists will certainly be defeated!

The Vietnamese people will certainly win!

Resolution on the Service of Literature to the Anti-Imperialist Revolutionary Struggles

We the Afro-Asian writers, after broad exchange of experiences and profound analysis, conclude that Afro-Asian literature must serve their people's struggles. At present when the peoples of Asia and Africa are waging a relentless struggle against imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism and having entered the great era of cultural renaissance, we resolve that Afro-Asian literature must serve the revolutionary aspiration of the Afro-Asian peoples as opposed to decadent bourgeois interest and therefore urge:

To create and develop Afro-Asian anti-imperialist revolutionary and national new culture and new literature and art of the masses of the people, and to sing the praises of the revolutionary struggle of the Afro-Asian peoples for winning and safeguarding national independence through national forms which are popular and are loved by the masses, with a view to promoting the national self-respect and

self-confidence of Afro-Asian peoples, enhancing their fighting will and strengthening their conviction in sure victory;

To persist in the struggle against U.S. imperialist cultural aggression, covert ideological infiltration and spiritual subversion, to carry out a long and indefatigable struggle against all imperialist, colonialist, neo-colonialist as well as other reactionary, decadent culture, literature and art which paralyse the will of the people, and to take all kinds of active steps to thoroughly eliminate their harmful influences.

In order to fulfil the above historic tasks, the Afro-Asian writers should:

Strengthen the ties with the masses of the people, get acquainted with them, learn from them, serve them, take an active part in the anti-imperialist revolutionary struggle, share the same fate with them and be their faithful spokesmen;

Strengthen and broaden the great anti-imperialist revolutionary unity of the Afro-Asian peoples, give mutual support and learn from each other and make the maximum contribution to the common cause of Afro-Asian peoples for winning and safeguarding national independence.

The Meeting notes with great elation that in the past few years, Afro-Asian writers have been active in creating works in support of the struggle waged by the Vietnamese people against U.S. aggression and for national salvation and the reunification of their fatherland, which reflect the common sentiment and voice of the 2,000 million Afro-Asian peoples. They are determined to fight shoulder to shoulder with their Vietnamese brothers and sisters until the U.S. aggressors are completely and thoroughly driven out of Vietnam and final victory is won!

The Meeting also notes with great elation that in the revolutionary struggles of the Afro-Asian peoples against imperialism and its accomplices and for the building of their countries, Afro-Asian writers have continuously produced excellent works, thus promoting the tremendous development of the new national culture, new literature and art of Asia and Africa.

In Vietnam, a large amount of good poems, novels, reportage as well as other forms of literary works have been produced in the great

struggle against U.S. aggression and for national salvation and the reunification of the fatherland.

In the other Asian countries, the struggle for liquidating the poison of imperialist culture and developing the new national culture is in progress; in Korea, new literature is developing along with the socialist construction and the struggle for the reunification of the motherland; in Indonesia, the progressive national culture, literature and art are growing and developing through the baptism of blood and fire; in the struggle against the policy of aggression in Asia pursued by U.S. imperialism and the Japanese reactionaries, the Japanese people's democratic literature is extensively developing among the masses; in Pakistan, the pens of the progressive writers have given expression to the voice of the people of Kashmir for the right to self-determination.

In China, the great socialist cultural revolution is vigorously developing and has already yielded great fruitful results in literature and art.

In Palestine and other Arab countries, the anti-imperialist call in literature is becoming ever stronger.

In Angola, Zimbabwe, Azania and other countries in the southern part of Africa, poetry and prose that strongly oppose imperialism and fascist colonialism have already produced positive effects.

In Algeria, Guinea and other African countries, the literature which reflects that the African people, whether to the south or to the north of the Sahara, is an inseparable entity, constitutes a heavy blow to the literature of "negritude" which attempts to undermine the anti-imperialist unity of the African continent.

All the new militant literature of the various Afro-Asian countries is playing the great role of mobilizing and inspiring the people to fight imperialism, colonialism and neo-colonialism and is receiving more and more attention from the people of the world.

In terms of quality and its ideological contents, the new Afro-Asian literature has far surpassed the entire imperialist, colonialist and other reactionary literature. There is no doubt that these progressive Afro-Asian literary works will be extensively disseminated

and, as a weapon for the anti-imperialist struggle, will fulfil its historic mission.

We are firmly convinced that the Afro-Asian peoples who have re-emerged on the world arena as revolutionary and advanced masters of their own destiny can surely create a more brilliant and radiant new culture and new literature and art unprecedented in human history.

Thereupon, the Meeting resolves:

(1) To unfold on a still broader scale and more profoundly the literary activities; to create actively large quantities of anti-imperialist revolutionary literary works; to give vigorous support to the anti-imperialist revolutionary struggles being waged by the Afro-Asian peoples; particularly to the struggle of the Vietnamese people against U.S. aggression and for national salvation and the reunification of their fatherland; to propagate the truth that the Vietnamese people and Afro-Asian peoples are sure to win and that U.S. imperialism and all colonialists and neo-colonialists are sure to be defeated;

(2) To thoroughly expose U.S. imperialism and its accomplices for their criminal activities of spreading pernicious ideology among the Afro-Asian peoples through films, television, books, newspapers, journals, comics, and "peace corps," resolutely support the struggles waged by the people in various Afro-Asian countries against imperialist cultural aggression and for the development of new national culture and literature and art;

(3) To strengthen the work of translation, introduction and reviewing of the best literary works among Afro-Asian countries; learn from each other experiences and give encouragement to each other; keep vigilance against infiltration of Western bourgeois culture, literature and art in all its manifestations; absorb what is useful in the fraternal culture and the progressive aspects in the literary heritage of different countries; develop the national new literature;

(4) To set up an Afro-Asian literature publishing house, to publish in various Afro-Asian languages, and profusely publish the best works of Afro-Asian writers; support the initiating and development of the progressive publishing and distributing enterprises in Asia and Africa; nurture the growth of new Afro-Asian literature;

(5) To organize at intervals forums on literature; review the achievements of progressive Afro-Asian literary creative works; examine important questions confronted in the course of developing new Afro-Asian culture and literature and art; sponsor various kinds of literary recital gatherings and broadcast performances so as to widen the influence of new Afro-Asian literature and art;

(6) Progressive literary organizations and progressive writers of Afro-Asian countries have the responsibility to collect and popularize the best literary works and recommend them to the Bureau, and rely on the collective efforts in order to continue the compiling and publishing of "Afro-Asian Literature Series" and various selected Afro-Asian literary works;

(7) To further strengthen and support the editing of *Call*, enrich its content, publish it monthly; promote the mutual understanding between literary circles in Afro-Asian countries and exchange information on the development of Afro-Asian literature;

(8) To consolidate the work of accumulating research data on Afro-Asian literature; invite Afro-Asian writers to send free copies of books, newspapers and magazines in different languages to the Bureau; to further expand the "Afro-Asian Library" in Colombo, and, if possible, similar libraries be established in other Afro-Asian countries or regions;

(9) To encourage and organize exchanges of friendly visits between Afro-Asian writers; enhance the revolutionary unity of Afro-Asian peoples against imperialism and counter-revolutionary activities; increase the militant friendship between Afro-Asian writers; exchange experiences of struggle with each other and promote the cultural interflow among Afro-Asian countries;

(10) To strengthen the conditions of creation of Afro-Asian writers by establishing for example Afro-Asian writers' sanatoriums.

The Song of Ouyang Hai

The previous two instalments told how the young hero of this novel Ouyang Hai, of poor peasant origin, realized his dream of joining the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Patiently guided by Kuan the company commander and Tseng the political instructor, Hai carried out many difficult tasks. His enthusiasm and astonishing will power won the praise of his comrades and superiors.

In 1960 the Soviet revisionists suddenly withdrew all their experts and stopped sending equipment contracted for. This treacherous blow had a serious effect on China's economic development. But the people of the entire nation responded whole-heartedly to the call of the Party and Chairman Mao to go all out to build socialism by their own efforts. Hai's unit was assigned to build a railway for a national defence plant which the Soviet revisionists had abandoned in the middle of construction. Hai displayed his usual spirit and rallied his comrades to do a splendid job. At that time he had the honour of being admitted into the Chinese Communist Party.

Trained and tempered by the PLA, Hai gradually matured and became a revolutionary fighter of high communist moral integrity. The present excerpt follows immediately after the completion of the railway.

CHAPTER SIX

"Locomotive"

A new atmosphere pervaded the formerly lively company. Comrade Lin Piao had said: "You can't understand revolution unless you understand exploitation," and the army was now in the midst of a "Two Recollections and Three Check-ups" movement.*

After Kuan, secretary of the Party branch since Tseng had left, gave a talk on the nature of the campaign, the men began searching back in their memories for things they had gradually forgotten. Hai had been asked to speak in his platoon, since his background was typical. He walked back and forth on the drill field, notebook in hand, wondering where to start.

It was only ten years since the establishment of the People's Republic, but the changes had been enormous. Aside from the economic transformation, every peasant exercised political rights as a member of a commune. He could question and share in the control of all commune business, big and small. When delegates to the People's Congress were elected, Hai's mother had put her circle on a ballot beside the name of the candidate of her choice. Who could ever have dreamed of such a thing in the past? . . . But he couldn't talk of matters like that at a bitterness recollection meeting.

He went on pacing the drill field. "Where shall I begin?" he kept asking himself.

He walked and walked. The ground beneath his feet felt soft and slippery. He looked down. He was on the low-lying damp patch by the edge of the drill field where the rainwater always gathered.

*A new rectification movement based on Chairman Mao's thought on building a people's army was carried out in 1961 by the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Two Recollections are class wrongs (those done to the labouring people by the old society and by the reactionaries) and national wrongs (those of imperialist aggression and oppression). The Three Check-ups are check-ups of the men's class stand, fighting spirit and execution of their duties. This movement by greatly raising the class consciousness and fighting strength of our army has played an important role in making our people's forces thoroughly proletarian and militant.

His shoes were wet, and they had left a row of prints. The prints reminded him of the tracks he had made in the snow those fifteen *li* between Ravens Nest and Lienchi, and of his unhappy childhood when he had gone begging with his mother in the streets of the town. He remembered the twitch in the corners of her mouth, he remembered the cries of little Fourth Sister, her throat hoarse from weeping....

Hai opened his notebook to write these things down, but after thinking a moment he closed it again. Although more than a dozen years had passed, the painful memories were as fresh as yesterday. Closing his eyes, he could see them. If he reached out his hand, he could touch them. Why write? There was no end to the bitter events he could relate.

The decorations in the club were subdued. On the walls were angry slogans and the recollections many soldiers had written of family tragedies. The men sat in rows on benches, their heads lowered in thought.

Hai stood on the platform in front. Staring at his toes, he told of his stormy childhood, starting with how he had nearly been abandoned in the snowstorm at birth. He told how he was given a name, how he had to be disguised as a girl, how his brother was conscripted, how no one would marry his sister because she was a beggar. He spoke of the snow outside the mouth of the charcoal kiln, of the vicious dog and evil people in the mansion of Liu the landlord. His painful recital was punctuated by the low sobs of the listening soldiers.

"Fourth Sister died of starvation on New Year's Eve. Early in the morning of the first, besides taking our land, Liu had my pa hung by the hands from a rafter in the township office. My ma went to the town and cut a piece of flesh from her arm and sent it to the landlord to cook soup for his brat. That was the only way she was able to bring my pa home.... My ma gave birth to nine children, and five of them starved to death. From as far back as I can remember until the day Ravens Nest was liberated, I never knew what the words 'warm' or 'full' meant. When I was hungry, I drank a ladle of water. When I was cold, I covered myself with more grass. Those winters in Ravens Nest were killing. We could only endure

from one day to the next. If it hadn't been for the Communist Party, I'd have frozen to death long ago like my five sisters...."

Hai's tale evoked similar memories in other soldiers. Some of them wept, some of them pounded their clenched fists upon the ground. Third Company was a sea of misery and rage.

When Hai was able to stem his tears, he went on: "My ma says my life was snatched back out of the snow. I say my life was given to me by the Communist Party. Today, whatever the Party wants me to do, I'll do. If the revolution needs me to die, I'll give my life willingly. Comrades, in two thirds of the world they still have man-eating social systems. In many parts of the five continents thousands are suffering as I did."

Hai walked unsteadily back to his seat. Men were weeping all around. It was impossible to go on with the meeting. Kuan stood up and announced a ten-minute break to give everyone a chance to calm down.

"I can't wait that long, comrades. I must speak," cried a voice. A soldier lurched forward and mounted the platform.

He spoke fairly quietly at first. His home was in Hankow. His mother had died when he was quite young. His father had worked as an attendant in a hospital run by a foreign doctor. For thirty years, he slaved for that doctor, rising early and going to bed late, but he never could earn enough to feed himself and his son and daughter properly. Worn down by exhaustion, he began spitting blood. The doctor promptly kicked him out. He died, some days later, outside the gate of the hospital compound. His son and daughter had nothing to eat. As an act of "kindness" the doctor took the girl on as a "nurse."

"... I thought that foreigner was pretty good, then." The soldier's voice changed. "I couldn't understand why my sister's health should be getting worse, now that she had a job. Every time she came home, she was as white as a sheet. Sometimes when she stood up suddenly, she would keel over in a faint. I asked her if she was ill, but she only wept and didn't answer. One day, an old attendant carried her home from the hospital. That was when I found

out what she really did as a 'nurse.' She...." The soldier bit his lips, unable to continue.

Hai looked up at the speaker. It was Kao.

"Why don't you go on?" he cried. "Tell us."

"... My sister had been very ill a number of times when she was small. The foreign doctor said her blood had bodies that were resistant to several diseases. He called her a 'nurse' but he was drawing her blood. That's why he was so 'kind.' He was using my sister as a blood-manufacturing machine.... Hai's mother cut off her flesh to pay a debt. My sister gave her blood for a little money for food. In the old society we weren't treated as humans." Kao beat his breast. "But today, when I have to sweat a bit, I complain that I'm tired, when I have to do a little extra work I say it's too hard.... Where ... where is my shame?"

Kao's words and tears went through Hai's heart like needles. He leaped to his feet.

"Remember this insult to our nation," he shouted.

"Kao's suffering is the suffering of us all."

"Revenge our class brothers."

Sorrow turned to anger, hatred turned to strength. No one wept now, no one sighed. Bloodshot eyes stared at the ground. Then one by one fists rose into the air and the roar of slogans shook the club. Third Company was in ferment.

Kao lay on his bed, his eyes red and swollen. Hai came in with a pot of noodles.

"You can't go all day without eating, Kao. Have some of this." He filled a bowl and brought it to his bedside.

"Thank you, assistant platoon leader. I really can't eat a thing."

"Have a little. Health is revolutionary capital."

These last words flowed through Kao's body like a warm current. He shamefacedly hung his head.

Standing with the bowl, Hai thought: "When I was in the hills of Ravens Nest, he was in the city of Hankow. Though we were separated by thousands of li, our lives were two melons on the same

vine, equally bitter, equally sweet. I have scars of class bitterness, he of national humiliation. There are suffering people everywhere....

"This boy lying here is my comrade, my companion in battle, my class brother. A few months ago when I saw him lying here like this, I hadn't a kind word, my expression was dark. It wasn't just a question of method. More important, my class feelings were wrong. I didn't think of him as a comrade, as the flesh and blood of my own class.

"When I didn't know how to walk, Platoon Leader Chou and Political Instructor Tseng took me by the hand and taught me. When I learned how to run, they put me on the right path. How many nights' sleep has Political Instructor Tseng lost over me, Ouyang Hai, a boy from a poor peasant's family? What little I've been able to do is the result of being taught by the Party. The few honours I've won were nurtured with the heart's blood of my commanders and comrades. I don't have any particular talent, but countless class brothers, for the sake of the revolution, have pulled me along as they ran forward.

"But I haven't treated Comrade Kao the way Political Instructor Tseng treated me. Though he's from the city and I'm from the country, the same revolutionary aims unite people from every part of the land. Chairman Mao has taught us: 'All people in the revolutionary ranks must care for each other, must love and help each other.' If I don't start from a class standpoint, if I have no class feelings, how can I read Chairman Mao's works properly, how can I truly understand these words of his? I've let the Party branch and Political Instructor Tseng down...."

Tears came to Hai's eyes as he thought of the Party's kindness to him. He grasped Kao's hand.

"I was wrong, Comrade Kao. I treated you badly, and I apologize. We both suffered under the old society. Today, we're comrades in the revolution. I hope you'll forgive my attitude."

"No, assistant platoon leader, it's I who was wrong. I forgot my origin."

"It's my fault, not yours. I didn't really understand the meaning of class brotherhood."

Two pairs of hands clasped, and the two lads who had known such hardship in the old society expressed with their eyes their apologies for past faults and their resolutions for the future.

Transmitted through their tightly clasped hands, the class feelings of these revolutionary comrades wove themselves firmly together.

*

It was the season of the year when the tea oil tree dropped its seeds. Headquarters had heard that the commune on the other side of the mountain was busy on a water conservancy project and had not been able to finish the picking. It decided to send a "light cavalry" detachment to complete the job. This would prevent national property from going to waste, and besides, helping the people with their work was one of the army's duties.

When Kuan announced the intention of the leadership to the assembled squad and platoon cadres, Hai jumped to his feet.

"Give me the job, commander."

That might not be a bad idea, Kuan thought. Hai was energetic, set a good example, and wasn't afraid of hardship. More important, if put in charge, he would have a chance to steel himself. Hai was good cadre material. He ought to be developed.

"All right," Kuan agreed. "But it's not going to be easy. You can only use the ten days or so we've been given to prepare for manoeuvres."

"I promise to carry out the task."

"Good. You can choose any six men you want."

"Company had better do that," Hai said jokingly. "If I do the picking, I'll pick only good ones."

"That's as it should be," Kuan replied seriously. "Without a few first-rate young fellows, you'll never finish the job, no matter how capable you are." He looked at Hai as if to say: "Let's see how you choose. This is a test."

All the men wanted to volunteer when they heard about it. Some expressed their determination in letters of guarantee. Some said they had picked tea oil tree seeds every year at home. "A locomotive

has to pull along its cars," Hai thought. "Last time, I left Kao behind. This time..." He put Kao's name first on the list.

He talked the list over with the platoon leader.

"You're taking Kao?" Chen asked.

"Yes. I want to give him a chance to temper himself."

"That's a good thing, of course." Chen thought a moment. "But he's been rather moody these past few days. I've been meaning to have a talk with him. Think it over. Should you take him along, or leave him with me? You've got a hard job. If you have to cope with him at the same time, it may slow the work down."

It was true. If Kao started his old tricks while they were on the mountain, it would create a real problem. Hai couldn't make up his mind. Kao had shown a turn for the better at their "bitterness recollection" meeting. He was a city boy. Picking tea oil tree seeds would do him a lot of good. The trouble was they didn't have much time for the job. They had to do a great deal with only a few hands. If Kao should get into a bad temper, the whole project would be affected. The platoon leader was competent and experienced. It would be safer to leave Kao with him. Right. The main thing was to finish the task on time. Hai decided to be cautious. He put a question mark beside Kao's name.

At roll call that evening, after stressing the importance of helping the people with their work, Kuan formally assigned the task and announced the time of departure. He asked Hai to read the list of the men he had selected. Because the season for seed-picking was already over it would be a difficult job. But every soldier hoped he would be chosen, for it was a good chance to toughen up. All eyes were on Hai. Kuan, standing to one side, was watching with compressed lips.

As Hai read the list of names, Kao's head gradually drooped. Although he had written an application, he knew his chances were small, in view of his past behaviour. Besides, he had heard it was a hard job, and he wasn't sure he could do it.

Hai paused after reading out the fifth name. Two little men were arguing in his mind. One said: Fulfilling the task was the main responsibility; everything had to be considered from that angle.

The other said: Helping the comrades to progress together was what counted the most. "Suppose you can't finish the job on time, then what?" demanded one. "A locomotive that leaves one of its cars behind is no use," retorted the other. . . . There seemed to be reason in both arguments. What should he do? At that moment a powerful voice seemed to sound in Hai's ears:

"As for people who are politically backward, Communists should not slight or despise them, but should befriend them, unite with them, . . . and encourage them to go forward."

"Hard work is like a load placed before us, challenging us to shoulder it."

Chairman Mao's words cleared Hai's vision. Finishing the job was important. But more important was helping a comrade, in the course of the job, to improve his understanding of the value of labour and become thoroughly aware politically. The liberation of the proletariat required millions of politically conscious revolutionary soldiers.

"Kao Yi-chung." Hai loudly announced the sixth name.

Kao was stunned. The other men were also surprised. How could the assistant platoon leader have chosen him?

Kuan gazed at Hai with satisfaction. "The young fellow has come through this test well," he said in a low voice to a platoon leader standing beside him. "That's how a 'locomotive' ought to behave."

Seven soldiers of the PLA moved into the wing of a primary school on the slope. That same day they went singing up the mountain, but when they returned in the evening they were glum. Some had picked only four or five catties of seeds. Some were empty-handed. All frowns and scowls, they didn't indulge in their usual banter.

"Of course we didn't pick much the first day," Hai consoled them. "We'll get the hang of it in a couple of days. Then we'll be bringing in more. It's always like that."

The next day, Hai returned well after dark with half a sackful. In the school wing, he found only a small pile of seeds in the centre of the room. The men's expressions were grimmer than the day

before. Kao sat in a corner, his eyes red. Evidently he had been weeping.

Hai's heart beat fast. "What's wrong?" he asked.

No one answered.

"What's happened?"

One of the soldiers showed him a bowl of rice. "See this?"

Hai could smell its scorched odour even before he looked at it. The rice was smoky and half raw, absolutely inedible. No wonder the men were annoyed. They had worked hard all day and their stomachs were empty. Hai knew without asking—the one on kitchen duty that day was Kao.

"I'll never make an assistant platoon leader," Hai thought. "I can't even manage a little thing like taking six men out on a seed-picking expedition. I think only of the seeds and forget about the cooking. Why didn't it occur to me that Kao doesn't know how to cook? Why must I always bump my nose before remembering to turn?" He took the rice into the kitchen.

Soon he returned with a platter of steaming rice.

"Come and get it, comrades. This is our special for today. It's so soft and tender even a toothless old grandma could eat it."

His sally failed to evoke a laugh. The men ate with their heads down, their eyes staring at the tips of their noses. Hai was worried. "Why don't they speak?" After supper, he called a meeting, but no one would say anything.

"Whoever's got any complaints, speak up."

The men remained silent.

"It's my fault that we ate late tonight. I'm sorry. You comrades ought to criticize me."

Still no one opened his mouth.

Hai was sweating with anxiety. From the time he became a squad leader, what he feared most was meetings at which no one would talk. Previously on such occasions, he could take the problem up with company headquarters. Who could he go to for guidance here in the mountains?

"Starting tomorrow, I'll do the cooking," Hai said.

"You mean you won't pick seeds?" someone asked.

"I'll get up a little earlier and make breakfast and some dry rations we can take along for lunch. I'll cook a nice hot meal as soon as we get back. It won't stop me from picking seeds."

"That isn't what bothers me," said Wei. "My main problem, my absolutely main problem, is that we won't be able to finish the job on time." He pointed at the small pile of seeds. "In two whole days this is all we were able to pick."

"Of course, what do you expect?" one of the soldiers chimed in. "The seed-picking season is past."

"Even if it weren't, others have picked all through this place. We won't be able to find much, no matter how we try."

"That's what I think too."

Everyone was talking at once. Their sentiments were discouraged, but at least Hai knew what was troubling them. He took out a volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

"In our reading time tonight, comrades," he said, "let's study again *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*."

The men read the article in the light of an oil lamp, then Wei stood up and read it once more, aloud. When Wei got to the line "...Our aim in propagating the line of the congress is to build up the confidence of the whole Party and the entire people in the certain triumph of the revolution..." Hai raised a question:

"What was the national and international situation when Chairman Mao wrote this article?"

The men looked at each other. No one answered.

"I don't know the whole story either. You can fill in what I've left out. The article is actually a speech Chairman Mao made at the Seventh National Congress of the Communist Party in June 1945. The Japanese imperialists hadn't surrendered yet, the American imperialists were helping Chiang Kai-shek in his anti-communist activities. Chiang was getting a few million troops ready to throw into a civil war. Some were blockading our border regions, some were still hiding on Mount Omei. Our border regions had a population of only a hundred million altogether. Our army ate mostly millet and its weapons were mainly rifles. Conditions were tough. But already at that time Chairman Mao could see that the revolution was

going to succeed, that communism would triumph all over the world. So he called on all Communists to 'surmount every difficulty to win victory.' When we get discouraged because we run into a little difficulty in picking tea oil tree seeds, are we listening to Chairman Mao's words? Can we count as his good soldiers?"

"No," Wei jumped up and shouted.

"Everybody understands that," one of the soldiers mumbled. "But there aren't any tea oil tree seeds on this mountain. Even if we got the Foolish Old Man to come in person, he wouldn't find any either."

"Who says there aren't?" Hai dumped out the seeds he had picked. "What are these?"

"Where did you get them?"

"Why couldn't I find any?"

"That's very strange."

The dull meeting had livened up. Hai told what he had discovered: At the bottom of steep slopes, on the tops of bluffs, and in bramble patches, there were plenty of seeds. Because they were difficult places to get at, the peasants hadn't done any picking there. Hai held up his volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

"If we can't find seeds, it's only because we're not as persistent as the Foolish Old Man. We've got to 'surmount every difficulty to win victory.'"

"As long as the seeds are there, we're not afraid of anything," the men exclaimed. "We'll climb up to heaven itself to get them, to say nothing of steep slopes and bramble patches."

"My main problem is solved."

"Let's have a competition tomorrow. Anybody who hasn't picked at least fifty catties needn't come home for supper."

Wei rapped himself on the forehead. "We're always saying 'the human factor comes first,' but the minute we run into a problem we put the difficulty first. The stupidest, the absolutely stupidest thing a man can do is not to use the theory he's learned to guide his conduct."

"It takes time to go from learning to applying," said Hai.

"We've got to speed that time up," replied Wei. "Whoever brings in the least seeds tomorrow will count as the one who studied *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* the poorest."

With the exception of Kao, everyone voiced his approval. Hai took Kao outside and the two sat down on a rock.

"Did the others say anything against you today?"

"That doesn't matter."

"Then why are you in low spirits?"

Kao hesitated. "Yesterday, I picked the least seeds of all."

"Never mind. It was the first day."

"And today I burned the rice."

"It's always like that the first time."

"I feel I..." Kao's voice trailed off.

"This comrade's not bad," Hai thought. "He's already learned to criticize himself." He was about to offer him a few words of comfort when Kao concluded:

"... I feel I'm not suited to this sort of thing."

"What?" Hai's brain almost exploded. A fine "self-criticism" that was.

"Just send me back, assistant platoon leader. Anyhow, I'm not much use here."

Hai was at a loss. How could he do that, after only two days? The train had barely left the station and one of the cars was trying to uncouple itself.

"I don't know how to pick tea oil tree seeds and I can't cook. You ought to get somebody else. After I return to camp I'll practise hard for the manoeuvres. That would be better for the job here and the military exercises, both." Kao stood up and went back into the house.

Hai sat alone on the rock, unable to think of any solution. He gazed up at the blinking stars in the night sky.

"What should I do?" He gave himself a punch. "And I'm supposed to be a 'locomotive.' I can't even get that 'car' rolling.... What can I do to make him stay?" He racked his brain trying to remember how the political instructor had done his work, dealt with problems, but in vain. "I can't carry this assistant platoon leader's

load." Suddenly he recalled the lines that Comrade Lin Piao had penned, and he stood up. "What a muddle-head I am. Our leaders tell us to look for the answers to our problems in the works of Chairman Mao. I've got this tough question and I've forgotten the golden key."

It was very quiet in the room. All the men were asleep. Hai lit the small oil lamp and started searching through the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. When the roosters had crowed for the second time, he was still pondering with knit brows. There didn't seem to be any answer to Kao's problem in *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. Kao wasn't even willing to pick up little seeds. What use would there be in talking to him about shifting whole mountains?

"He said he was determined to change at the 'bitterness recollection' meeting, and I encouraged him," thought Hai. "He wanted to temper himself, so I brought him along. When he didn't gather many seeds, I comforted him. When he served the rice half raw, I cooked it again to make it edible. I did everything I could, but nothing worked. I don't see how *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* can help him."

Hai continued reading the article, nevertheless. "The democratic forces are the main current in the world today, while reaction is only a counter-current...."

"Now, what's Kao's main current, and what is his counter-current?" he wondered. That analogy didn't seem very apt. Suddenly he remembered something in *On Contradiction* that was right to the point. He quickly leafed through it till he found the section he was looking for: "In each thing there is contradiction between its new and its old aspects... the new aspect changes from being minor to being major and rises to predominance, while the old aspect changes from being major to being minor and gradually dies out."

"Kao's class origin is good," Hai thought. "He suffered when he was small and, after learning at the 'bitterness recollection' meeting, he naturally wants to go forward. That's his 'new aspect.' It's bound to change from minor to major and rise to predominance. That's his 'main current.' Fear of hardship and fatigue is his 'old aspect.' It's bound to change from major to minor. That's his

'counter-current.' His wish to progress is sure to defeat his fear of hardship and fatigue."

Hai berated himself: "I didn't see Kao's 'new aspect' and 'old aspect' clearly because I didn't look for the main contradiction. Because I hadn't studied *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* thoroughly I wasn't able to use its spirit to help Kao."

Again he punched himself in the forehead. "What a dolt. All I could see was going to Chairman Mao's works to find the answer to other people's ideological problems. Why didn't I understand that you have to read them to solve your own ideological problems first? A locomotive without coal and water can't pull its cars. Only by reading Chairman Mao's works does a man have the strength he needs to move forward. There's not enough 'coal' in this 'locomotive' of mine. That's why I can't get rolling. That's why I'm always dropping off 'cars.' The key question is in myself."

In the village a rooster crowed again. Orion's Belt was far in the west. Hai closed his books. He was sure of his ground now.

*

Hai rested on his bed for a while without undressing, then rose again. By the time the other men got up he had cooked breakfast and made two wheatcakes for each of them to have at lunch. They all ate quickly and set out with their gunny sacks.

"Don't forget, last night you guaranteed to bring in fifty catties," Hai reminded Wei.

"I'll remember, don't worry." Wei was already a dozen paces on his way.

Kao had packed his knapsack and was sitting on it, evidently waiting for Hai to accede to his request of the previous day.

Hai pretended not to have noticed. Actually, he was thinking: "I've got to stir your 'new aspect' into action and get your 'main current' moving." When all the others had gone, he picked up two gunny sacks and said:

"Let's go."

"I ... I'd rather return to company."

"You've only been here two days. After we finish here, we'll all go back together."

"I'd like to go today. There's a lot of work to be done at company too. Anyhow, I'm not much use here."

"We'll talk about it later." Hai pulled him by the hand. "Come on, let's go up the mountain and stroll around."

Green tea oil trees covered the slopes. Their buds were gone, and here and there burst pods had scattered seeds upon the ground.

Hai appeared to be walking about aimlessly. He didn't pick up any of the seeds, and he and Kao merely ambled along. Kao was apathetic. He didn't consider this much fun. Hai, sensing how he felt, suddenly ran over to a big tree, kicked off his rubber-soled shoes and clambered rapidly to the top. He soon came down with a bird's nest.

"What kind are they?" asked Kao, pointing at the speckled eggs.

"Four Happiness."

"Four Happiness?" Kao had never heard the name before.

"That's what we call them back home. The proper name for the bird is jay or something. It's like a small magpie. The male birds like to fight, and they have a pretty call." Hai whistled an imitation.

It didn't sound very pretty to Kao. "I've never seen them," he replied, out of politeness. "The only birds we have in Wuhan are ravens, sparrows, hawks and swallows. You have to go to the zoo to see any other kind."

"The mountains where I come from are full of all sorts of birds," Hai said as they walked. "When I was seven or eight and I went cutting brushwood in the hills I loved to collect birds' eggs. In another month or so, they'll all have hatched. Rich men used to stage Four Happiness cockfights in some places. They bet their land and fields on them."

"Really?" Kao showed a bit of interest. "How did they fight them?"

"I don't know. I only heard about it." Hai led him towards the edge of a bluff. "When I was little, I caught a couple of Four Happiness chicks and thought I'd raise them up and watch them

fight. It took a long time for them to grow, and when I finally let them out of their cages they — ”

“Flew away?”

“No. But they just wouldn’t fight.”

“Why not?”

“One was a cock and the other was a hen.”

Kao laughed as merrily as a child.

Around the roots of a tea oil tree at the foot of the bluff were scattered seeds. Hai jumped down, knelt by the tree and picked them swiftly with both hands. Then he plunged into a bramble patch. In a very short time, his sack was half full.

“Look at these.” Hai took four eggs from his pocket. “They’re ‘Yellow Bean Finch’ eggs. If you keep them near the stove, they’ll hatch in about three weeks. These birds only eat insects, they don’t eat grain. I raised two when I was a kid.”

Kao was too embarrassed by Hai’s energetic seed-picking to ask about the “Yellow Bean Finch.” He weighed Hai’s sack in his hand. “You’re really fast,” he said. “It would take me all day to gather what you’ve picked up in the past few minutes.”

“I’ve been doing it since I was a child. I’m used to it,” Hai explained. “Every one has his own speciality. Now, when it comes to reading, I can’t compare with you.”

“What use is knowing a few words?”

“Plenty. The more you read, the more you can understand. You learn quicker that way.” Hai pulled out a volume of *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*. “There are a lot of words in here I don’t know. But if you don’t read Chairman Mao’s books, how can you progress, how can you raise your political level? Tell me what these words mean, Kao.”

As a matter of fact, Hai had already looked them up in the dictionary, but he listened attentively as Kao explained.

“Of course, just knowing the words isn’t enough,” he said with a sigh. “I don’t have a very deep and thorough understanding of some of Chairman Mao’s articles. I wish you’d be my teacher, Kao, and explain one to me each night. Sit down here and have a rest. You can be looking these over at the same time. Start

teaching me tonight. I’m going over there to pick some more seeds.”

“Which one do you want me to talk about?”

“*Serve the People, The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains, In Memory of Norman Bethune* — any of them will do. You’re the teacher. You decide.”

“Well . . . all right.” Kao reluctantly took the book. He thought: “I’ll be here tonight in any case. When tomorrow comes, we’ll see what happens.”

“Don’t wander off. I’ll be back in a little while,” said Hai. He jumped down the bluff and disappeared into a thicket of brambles.

Kao gazed after him. “How can he be so happy all day long?” he wondered. “What does he think about? Doesn’t anything ever trouble him?” Kao couldn’t understand that sort of person. “Maybe because he’s uneducated, he doesn’t like to think. No wonder he has no problems or troubles.” Kao was quite satisfied with his analysis.

He heard loud voices lower down the slope. Wei and a few other soldiers appeared and Kao quickly concealed himself behind a tree, afraid that they would see him. They began picking seeds a short distance away.

“Bringing in fifty catties by tonight isn’t going to be easy,” said one.

“Then we ought to study *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* again,” said another. “I’ve got to gather more than our assistant platoon leader, come what may.”

“We can’t compare ourselves with him. We’re not in his class.”

“Why not? The human factor counts most.”

Kao was so ashamed he wished he could bury his head in the earth. After a while, Wei and the others left still chattering away and he cautiously emerged.

“That’s right. The human factor counts most. Since I can’t go back to camp today, I ought to pick a few seeds, at least.” He gathered some at the foot of a nearby tree.

The seeds were widely spread upon the ground and had to be picked one by one. It would be a difficult job indeed to gather

several dozen catties in a day. After a long time, Kao still had less than a tenth of what Hai had just picked. His confidence faded. He rubbed the earth from his hands, stretched out on the grass and began reading the volume of *Articles and Extracts from the Works of Mao Tse-tung*.

The sun beat down on the slope, and the grass emitted a steamy intoxicating fragrance. Kao silently rehearsed what he was going to say about the article he had selected for that night — *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*.

"Divided into six sections, it is well-knit, and in a colloquial style that is easy to understand. The main point it makes is ... is...." Kao drifted off into slumber.

Clouds floated above, the earth continued to revolve. It was noon when he awoke. He found himself covered with a padded jacket. Four wheatcakes were sizzling over a small fire Hai had built of dry branches.

"So you're awake. Get up," said Hai. "Time for lunch."

"When did you get back?"

"Just now."

Kao saw that Hai's gunny sack was bulging with seeds. His face burned, and he thought: "We both come from families that had a hard time, we've both got two hands. Although he joined the army a bit earlier than me, I'm a volunteer too. Why can't I do the things he does? Tonight ... Old Lord of the Sky! I'm supposed to teach him tonight and I don't even know the main theme of the article. What in the world will I say?"

Hai gave him two wheatcakes. "You must be hungry."

Kao felt he hadn't earned this meal, but he'd already extended his hand. "Not very," he forced himself to say. He ate the wheatcakes with lowered head, and there was no taste in his mouth. "How can I face supper tonight?" he wondered.

Hai finished his meal in a few bites. "You rest here while I turn those seeds in," he said. "When I come back we'll wander around on the ridge."

"No, assistant platoon leader." Kao hastily stopped him. "I've been thinking. I can't return to camp anyway today. Why don't I just go with you and pick seeds?"

"Fine." Hai put down his gunny sack. "Let's be a 'mutual-aid team,' you and me. We'll really match scores with those other fellows tonight."

At dusk Wei hung the bag of seeds he had collected on the scale and weighed it, then weighed it again to make sure. Exactly fifty-five catties — ten per cent over quota. The young soldier was very pleased. He gazed out of the doorway.

"What's keeping the assistant platoon leader? I'll bet he hasn't gathered his quota and is ashamed to come back."

"Who says so?" Hai entered carrying a gunny sack. Kao followed close behind.

Wei relieved him of the sack. It felt about forty catties, or a little over. Hai didn't have a chance of winning today.

After supper the weighing began. Wei sat to one side, quite confident.

"Forty-five.... Fifty-one and a half.... Another fifty-one and a half...."

"Ho! Fifty-five."

"It seems to me," Wei said smugly, "that these results are the best proof, the absolutely best proof, of how we've lived up to our guarantees."

"So you've got something to say this time," Hai commented.

"When have I ever been any different?" Wei's face glowed with excitement, and he sang, wagging his head in rhythm:

We always do
What we say we'll do,
We work for the people
With hearts and minds true.

"Don't crow too soon. You haven't seen ours yet." Hai went outside and brought in another sack. "Weigh this. Kao and I collected it together."

"Both of you?" Wei was surprised.

"Of course. We're a mutual-aid team."

Put on the scale, the two bags of the "mutual-aid team" weighed a total of one hundred and twelve catties — an average of fifty-six catties per man.

"Well, Wei? You're still a catty from the top."

"As long as I play some part in spurring everybody on, whether I win or not doesn't matter," Wei said righteously. He looked significantly at Kao. "I hope your mutual-aid team can keep its top standing."

Kao wanted to say something, but Hai poked him and took out a pack of cards.

"Come on, fellows, let's have a game. We're against all work and no play."

The seven of them sat on their beds in a small friendly circle.

It must have been around midnight. Kao lay on his bed thinking about the three articles Hai wanted him to discuss. He had no idea where to start. He sat up and saw that Hai was sitting by the table, writing.

"Still not asleep, assistant platoon leader?"

"Oh, sorry. Has this lamplight been keeping you awake?"

"No." Kao draped a tunic across his shoulders and walked over. On the table was a pile of primary school exercise books. "You're correcting arithmetic?"

"I dropped in on the teacher to borrow the newspaper. He had a lot of exercises he hadn't finished checking. He's got to give them back tomorrow.... I worked as a point recorder at home for a while. I thought I'd like to learn how to correct exercises."

"Assistant platoon leader!"

"You can't imagine how poor we used to be up in the mountains. I longed to go to school as a kid, but I never could. Even now, every time I pass a school door I want to go in and look around. Correcting these exercises is the same as if I was sitting in a classroom and learning arithmetic myself."

"But ... but you must be tired."

"Of course I am, a little. But a fellow like me can't do any really big thing. That's why I ought to do more of the small. All our work, big or small, is for the revolution. Picking seeds helps the people, correcting exercise books helps the kids. Political Instructor Tseng says we should work for the revolution as long as we live.

What revolutionary job isn't tiring? But if a fellow thinks more of the work and less of himself, he doesn't mind getting a bit tired."

"Yes," Kao thought. "Chairman Mao says one man may have more ability than another, but as long as a person has no selfish motives, he can become useful to the people. Aren't my squad leader and the other comrades in my squad working in that direction?"

"There are only a few words you don't know in those three articles you gave me," Kao said. "But I hardly understand a single sentence. I can't teach you Chairman Mao's works. Better let me correct a few exercise books."

"Get some rest. Our mutual-aid team has to keep its honour tomorrow. We've got to stay at the top."

"I can't sleep." Kao sat down opposite Hai and began checking the children's exercises. It was only simple second year addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. Kao quickly marked a dozen books. He noticed that as Hai finished correcting each book he wrote carefully at the bottom of the page in neat script:

Be a good child of Chairman Mao. Go forward every day.

Kao felt himself blushing. He had studied for ten years, as compared with Hai's year and half of night school, and had been quite proud of his accomplishments. He was always showing off his knowledge of science, criticizing this, looking down on that. Actually, what was so remarkable about his smattering of book learning? Hai was not only using the slight skill he had acquired as a point recorder to correct the children's arithmetic, he recognized the necessity of teaching them to listen to the Party, he realized the importance of educating the next generation.

"How far ahead he sees," Kao said to himself. "And I thought because he wasn't educated, he couldn't use his brains, that he had no troubles because he had no ideals. As a matter of fact, he links all his work with the revolution. That's why he sleeps less, does more, and gives me half of the seeds he went to such trouble to pick. Whereas I ... I've put the revolution to one side. Day in and day out I lie around in my dream world, comforting myself with all sorts of woolly ideas, flattering myself that I'm clever, different.

I made up my mind to change at the 'bitterness recollection' meeting, yet I started back-sliding the moment I ran into difficulty. Is that how a man who comes from a family that's suffered should behave? How can I call myself a soldier of the revolution?"

"Assistant platoon leader." Kao stood up in agitation. "You picked the seeds. I have no right to that top rating."

"Why not? Didn't we pick them together?"

"I'm not fit —"

"What does it matter who picked them?" Hai cut in quickly. "You can just pick a few more tomorrow to make it up. Besides, we've got a 'work-exchange agreement' in our mutual-aid team. I'm still waiting to hear you explain about those three articles."

Tears came to Kao's eyes. "How can I explain about *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains* to you?" he thought. "You've removed the mountains that were blocking me. How can I talk to you about *Serve the People*? It's you who've shown me how to do that by your conduct. What can I say to you about *In Memory of Norman Bethune*? Your selfless spirit of thinking always of others has touched me deeply. How can I be your teacher? It's you who are teaching me how to read Chairman Mao's books. It's you who got me to read the three articles, who made me realize why we should study the works of Chairman Mao, what a person has to do to progress. . . ." He wiped his eyes and punched himself hard.

"Wake me early tomorrow," he said to Hai.

"What for?"

"I want to learn from you. Teach me how to cook and pick seeds during the day. At night teach me how to read the works of Chairman Mao. I want to learn everything from the beginning."

Hai looked at him, very moved. "Good," he thought. "The new aspect is changing from minor to major, it's rising to predominance. The main current is starting to function. If he sticks to his guns he'll not only learn how to cook and pick seeds, he'll be able to carry mountains away on his shoulders."

Ten days later, men from battalion delivered bulging sacks of seeds to the commune. Hai and his "light cavalry" detachment had exceeded their goal by more than a thousand catties. They

returned to camp singing, their faces ruddy. Hai went directly to company headquarters to report on the work to branch Party Secretary Kuan. He especially mentioned the progress Kao had made.

Kuan was pleased. "This young 'locomotive' has pulled all his cars safely to their destination," he thought. "But he hasn't mentioned his own achievements." Kuan knew Hai wouldn't talk about himself. He wondered whether he shouldn't ask some of the other comrades who had been on the expedition. But when he saw Hai's sunken eyes and scratched hands, he decided there was no need. It was obvious to what pains Hai had gone, how little he had slept. His hands alone were eloquent proof of how those thousands of catties of seeds had been picked one by one from the ground.

Hai went back to the platoon. Kuan was still thinking: "It must have been an enormous effort to gather seeds at this time of the year and overfulfil his quota. Where does he get the energy?" Kuan idly looked through the kit-bag Hai had forgotten on the table. In it were several dog-eared volumes of the works of Mao Tse-tung. They smelled of lamp oil.

Light poured into Kuan's heart. He knew the answer to his question. Everything was clear.

The "locomotive" was racing forward, as was our army and entire country, towards a new high. Earth-shaking socialist construction, the tumultuous tide of military training, all required material and spiritual strength. And the source of limitless strength was here — in the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A Trip Home

The mountains were clear in the distance, and the paddy fields on either side of the Chungling River had turned a delicate green. It was time to transplant the rice sprouts. For three years in a row

the people in the Kueiyang Mountains had suffered natural disasters. But they fought the Old Lord of the Sky confidently, determined to wrest grain from the earth. The secretary of the county Party committee, cadres from government offices, leaders of the communes, all rolled up their trousers, waded into the water-covered fields, and transplanted rice sprouts, bending their backs with the commune members. Cuckoos called, treadle pumps churned, a song floated in the air.

Working together we are strong, oh,
Summer floods we fear not, nor spring droughts,
If we have no rain for a hundred days
We'll pump the river dry to water our rice sprouts.

A sturdy figure, reflected on the surface of the paddy, sped towards Phoenix Village. "Five Good" soldier* Ouyang Hai, an extended enlistment man, was going home for a visit.

How familiar were the hills and streams, the grass and trees, that met his eyes. Beyond that gully was the town of Lienchi. Then another fifteen *li* of hill trails and he would be home. He hastened his steps.

When he came to the entrance of what used to be the mansion of Liu the landlord, Hai paused. How many times had he passed these portals. Today the walls looked lower than he remembered them. The stone lions still crouched outside, the stone balls still in their mouths, still glaring with lifeless eyes. But they didn't seem nearly so fierce. Hai couldn't help laughing. Four years had gone by in a flash. He could hear voices reading aloud in the courtyard. At the same time he noticed the "Lienchi Middle School" signboard at the side of the entrance way.

*In 1960, the enlarged conference of the Military Commission of the Party's Central Committee called upon the army to launch a movement for "Five Good" soldiers. The men had to be good in political thinking, military training, the "Three Eight" working style ("Three" refers to the three mottoes: "Keep firmly to the correct political orientation," "maintain an industrious and simple style of work" and "be flexible in strategy and tactics"; "Eight" refers to eight characters which mean unity, alertness, earnestness and activity), in fulfilling assignments, and in keeping fit.

That reminded him — his nephews must already be in primary school. He went to the department store and bought them each a bookbag embroidered with the words: "Advance Every Day." When he came out he looked up at the sky. It was time to be getting on. "I'll go and see the old platoon leader first," he thought, and hurried towards the commune office.

Hai was eager to see him. "Secretary Chou watched me grow up," he thought. "Four years ago, he helped me get into the army. Although we've kept in touch by mail, I can't say everything clearly in a letter. I've got a lot to report to my old leader, a lot to ask his advice on."

At the Party committee office of the commune he was told that Secretary Chou was out working with the brigades. He was organizing everyone to fight the drought. Hai left him a note, then started up the hill.

The sun was setting when he reached the top. Excitement speeded his pace. At the east end of the village he stopped in amazement. Children of a nursery were playing on a broad new threshing ground. The old temple had been levelled, and in its place stood the "Phoenix Village Reading Room." Rays of the setting sun fell upon a neat row of new one-storey homes with tiled roofs. On one of the walls, the slogan "Long Live the People's Communes" gleamed in the sunlight.

"But brother's letters said they're having drought, that life at home is hard," he thought. "But this doesn't look like a 'disaster area.'" He ran his eyes along the row of houses, but he didn't see their thatched shack anywhere. Finally, in front of a brick building with an attic, he discovered the familiar pine tree.

"You've changed, Phoenix Village," he exclaimed softly. "Pine tree, you've grown taller." He looked all around as if to announce: "I've come back to see you, native village."

"Ma," he cried, when he stood before his mother, straight and erect. He gave her a military salute.

She was eating supper. She put down her chopsticks quickly and peered at this PLA man who had just entered her door.

"It's me, ma. Little Third," he said lovingly. She still wasn't convinced. Again she examined him carefully. "Little Third, it's you," she exclaimed at last. She wiped her tears with the edge of her tunic.

"I come back, ma, and you cry."

"It's because I'm happy, son."

Hai took off his kit-bag and sat down beside his mother.

"You didn't even write to let us know that you were coming," she said reproachfully. She began bustling about, pouring him a drink of water, filling a bowl with rice. She was so agitated with joy and delight she knocked the chopsticks off the table.

"Eat, you must be hungry. If only I'd known you were coming I'd have gone to the market fair and bought some meat. I'll fry you a few eggs."

Hai, holding his bowl, thought: "I'm not a guest. You don't have to put on a spread for me." He pointed at the vegetables on the table. "Our regular fare looks good, ma. Don't bother with anything else."

"What did you say?" She hadn't heard.

"I said we seem to be eating well at home now. It smells good too."

"Well, hurry up and eat, then."

It struck Hai as funny. How could he eat the moment he entered the door? Besides, he'd had a bite when he got off the train, and he wasn't a bit hungry. But when he saw the expression in his mother's eyes, he knew he'd have to eat if he burst. His task at the moment was to consume as much food as possible and gladden her heart.

She sat feasting her eyes on him, watching with pleasure every mouthful he took. She kept picking vegetables from the plate with her chopsticks and putting them into his bowl.

When he had finished, he pushed back his bowl and chopsticks and asked: "Don't you think I'm fatter, ma? I'm much taller too."

She shook her head. "I can't see clearly."

It was rather dark in the room. Hai pulled his mother to the doorway, then went and stood beneath the pine. "Take a good look, ma. You'll see it's true what I've been saying in my letters."

His mother blinked but did not reply.

"Am I fatter or not?"

"You're taller, but your face isn't any fuller."

"Ma, even if I turned into an ox, you still wouldn't think I'm fat enough."

She pursed her lips to repress a smile as she looked her strong son over. "They really make men of them in the army," she thought. "In these few years Little Third's changed a lot." She gave a rare laugh.

At dusk the other members of the family returned. The room was crowded: Pa sat on a side smoking his pipe; the little nephews marched about in their uncle's army cap and belt; ma stitched a cloth shoe sole beside the lamp. Hai told them about life in the PLA, and they listened with interest. His mother paused and opened her mouth once or twice as if to speak.

Hai noticed. "What is it, ma?"

"There's something I want to ask you." She looked questioningly at Hai's father to see whether he approved.

"Speak, if there's anything on your mind," her husband said.

"Now that you've come back, Little Third . . . you won't be going again?"

"I must, ma. I can't stay more than ten days."

"But isn't army service up in three years?"

"I explained all that in my letter, ma. I've extended my enlistment. This is just a home leave."

His mother nodded. "I don't mind your being a soldier a few years more. I was only thinking—you've been away so long, couldn't you stay a few days more?"

"Impossible, ma. We're very busy in the army. There's a lot of work. I can't just drop it...."

"I know your rules. What I mean is you've only come back this once and you've had to spend several days on the road. Couldn't

you write to your commander and ask him to give you a few more days leave?"

"How can I, ma? I wasn't intending to come back at all this year, but my company commander said it's nearly four years — I must go home and see you. He bought me a ticket and saw me off on the train. He and my comrades have especially asked me to send you all their regards. Nine or ten days at home isn't bad, ma."

"You hear that?" said his father. "How courteous and thoughtful they are in our army. Be sure and give them our best when you get back, Little Third. We're busy here in the commune too. Otherwise I'd go and visit them." He turned to his wife. "You women are always like that. You were longing for Little Third to return, and now that he's here you hate to let him to. He'll be afraid to come back, next time."

Hai's mother smiled but didn't reply.

"Wait till there's no imperialism and no oppressed people in the world, ma, and I'll come home for good. You won't be able to drive me away with a stick."

"They say it won't be long now, is that true?" his sister asked.

"Pretty soon. Imperialism can't last much longer. If we all buckle down and work hard, we'll finish it off even sooner."

His mother nodded. "That day at the meeting I heard our cadres say the same thing. They said in many foreign lands there are still 'old societies.' How those poor people there must be suffering."

"That's why I can only stay ten days, ma. I've got to get back to work in the army. If we build our socialism quickly, those suffering people will have more hope, more to look forward to. And it will bring their 'old societies' down faster."

These words pleased the whole family. Hai's mother felt what he said was reasonable. She stitched her shoe sole more vigorously. They all chatted of this and that. Then Hai saw that it was getting late and he took the gifts he had brought from his kit-bag and presented them. Five feet of black cloth for his mother, a pair of overshoes for his father, and a bookbag for each of his nephews. Drawing out a volume of the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung* and two

notebooks, he looked around for his brother Sung. It occurred to him that he still hadn't seen him.

"Where's big brother?"

"Him? Busy," Hai's father snorted. He rapped his pipe bowl hard against the sole of his shoe.

"A meeting?"

"Devil's own meeting." The old man's anger mounted. "It would be all right if it was meetings he went to."

Obviously Sung had done something wrong and enraged his father. "What can it be?" Hai wondered. But he didn't ask.

The next morning he started out before dawn with a hoe on his shoulder.

"Where are you going, Little Third?" his mother called.

"To work."

"You ought to rest a day or two first."

"I'm not tired. I didn't come back to loaf." He walked through the doorway. Before he left camp he had promised the Party branch three things: That he would join in the commune's farm work, that he would solve any problems between himself and his family in a principled manner, that he would return to camp on time. What's more, he intended to ask the Party secretary of the brigade branch to assign him any political task he could do. A Communist ought to seek work wherever he went. This was the busy season on the farm. How could he just loll around the house?

No one was in the fields yet. It was still too early. Hai strolled back to the pine tree. It was very tall now. As if too small to envelope the tree trunk, the bark had split in many small fissures that divided it into innumerable round bits. "No wonder it's called a 'fish scale pine,'" mused Hai. He leaned against the tree. "How quick. It's already usable timber, and still growing. Why can't a man become more progressive every day?"

He had worked himself into a sweat by the time the bell clanged summoning the commune members to the fields. Hai rushed towards an old man.

"Grandpa Teh-hsin, how are you?"

"Why, it's little Hai. When did you get back?"

"Yesterday." After questioning the old man about his welfare Hai said: "Grandpa Teh-hsin, can you tell me what's wrong with my brother?"

"Well ... you ought to give him some guidance."

"So there is something wrong," Hai said to himself. He put down his hoe angrily, intending to go and confront Sung immediately. But then he thought: "I ought to get the facts first. Chairman Mao says: 'To investigate a problem is to solve it.' I really must look into this."

After lunch he cut a load of brushwood in the hills and delivered it to Grandpa Teh-hsin. Just as he had years ago, he called as he entered the door:

"I've brought you some fuel, grandpa."

"Aiya, you shouldn't have troubled. I've still got some."

"Keep it for later, then." Hai dumped his load by the hearthside. "On the road as I was coming home I said to myself I must cut a thousand or so catties of brushwood for Grandpa Teh-hsin. I won't leave till I've brought him enough."

"Little Hai," the old man pulled him over to sit down opposite, "you've been gone four years but you're exactly the same."

"It's true. I haven't improved much."

"That's not it. What I mean is you haven't forgotten you were a poor peasant." Old Teh-hsin shook his head. "But your big brother's not like you. He's changed."

"Tell me about it, grandpa."

The old man lit his pipe and said slowly: "We've had a few years of very bad weather here in the hills, but we've got the Party and the people's communes, so we're not afraid of anything. Sung wasn't bad the first two years of the hard period, but this spring he's become a different person. Do you remember Fu Cheng-tsai?"

"Yes."

"He's something of a craftsman. In the old society he suffered a bit of hardship. Knowing how to operate a sewing-machine wasn't enough to fill his belly then, so he knocked about as a small trader. When the drought hit us here in the hills, he couldn't sit still and began running to the market fairs again. That made your brother

waver. He said: 'You can get enough to eat working for the collective, but if you want spending money you've got to earn it on your own.' He's lost interest in working in the fields. He's always going off to the fairs, trying to pick up a little ready cash."

"Ready cash?"

"Money, that is," the old man became excited. "Even though the bit he raises on his personal plot and sells in the market doesn't amount to much, the trouble is we're in the middle of a drought. If the commune doesn't produce a good crop what are we going to eat this autumn? What will we be able to give to support socialism? There's something wrong with a poor peasant whose heart isn't in the land."

Hai uttered an exclamation of anger and drove the fist of one hand into the palm of the other.

"Of course, we can't altogether blame your brother. He's been influenced. Somebody is leading him by the nose. Whoever you follow, that's how you turn out. You can't learn to be a tanner, apprenticed to a butcher. Sung is one of us, that's why I'm telling you this. You'd better give him a good talking to. If he were someone like Fu we would simply haul him up for criticism at a commune meeting."

Hai understood everything now. Sung didn't want to do collective farm work, he wanted to run around the market fairs. "Ready cash" had bewitched him. He had forgotten his origin. No wonder he was always complaining about how hard life was. When you forget your origin, even rock candy doesn't taste sweet enough.

"Just wait," Hai muttered. "I'll settle with you."

At dark, Sung returned from the market with two big bundles of tobacco leaves on his shoulder pole. When he met the younger brother he hadn't seen in four years, he cried happily:

"Little Third, you're back."

Hai coldly eyed the tobacco. "You must be mad about smoking to buy so much."

Sung laughed awkwardly. "It's somebody else's. I'm only helping..."

"Helping what? Socialism? The brigade? Or capitalism?"

Sung was taken aback. How could Hai quarrel the moment they met? He hadn't been this way before.

"You've changed, Little Third," he said.

"It's not me who's changed," Hai retorted hotly, "it's you!" He turned and ran off in the direction of the brigade office.

Sung stared after him, then looked at the tobacco in perplexed embarrassment.

*

Secretary Chou of the commune Party committee was meeting with several cadres of the brigade in their office. They were discussing how to raise and gather a bumper crop that year. Hai burst in, his forehead dripping sweat.

"You're here. How wonderful," he exclaimed when he saw the secretary.

Chou rose quickly and grasped Hai's hand.

"Glad to see you back. When I got home yesterday, you had just left. I saw your note. I had to come to your brigade today to talk about how we're going to plant in this drought, and I was going to drop by after the meeting."

"And I was planning to call on you tomorrow."

"You've probably forgotten all about your old platoon leader by now. When you wanted to join the army, you sat in my room and wouldn't go. Now that you're in uniform all you do is leave a note and dash off."

"Don't wrong me, old platoon leader. It's been in my mind to report to you right along. And today a new problem has cropped up."

"What is it?"

Hai related what he had heard about his brother. "I've come to ask the brigade Party branch how to handle this question," he concluded.

"That's the way a PLA man should be," Chou nodded approvingly. "With a strong sense of organization." He told Hai what he knew and how the commune leadership felt about the matter.

"How do you think we should deal with the situation?" he asked, to test his reaction. "We'd like to hear your opinion."

"If you ask me...." Hai thought a moment. "I'd say, call a meeting and blast him. Not putting his whole heart into production when his village is hit by drought — a fine poor peasant he is!"

"That would never do," said Chou. "The main thing wrong with your brother is that he doesn't believe we can bring in a good crop under drought conditions, so he goes off to earn money on his own. It's a question of ideological understanding. Of course he's also been influenced by capitalist ideas. It's a reflection in him of the struggle over which road to take — socialism or capitalism. But he's a comrade who's suffered bitterly in the past and has a deep class hatred. We ought to use a 'soft breezes and gentle rain' approach with him. You've come back at a good time. You can do a little work for the brigade, and we can borrow your 'East Wind' spirit to push on to a production high-tide."

"Well, then, we'll have a family meeting and teach him by comparing the old and the new," Hai replied.

"Right. That's the way to solve the problem. As to Fu, in the East Hill Brigade, we'll criticize him severely. That fellow's too selfish." Chou looked at his watch. To the Party secretary of the brigade branch he said: "You and Hai talk things over and work out the details in the light of what we just discussed. I can't stay. I've got a meeting at the East Hill Brigade. They're waiting for me."

Chou lit a torch and departed. The Party secretary asked Hai to sit down at the table.

"We ought to let you rest a few days, soldier. But since you've come to us looking for work, we won't stand on ceremony. We've got a mission for you."

Hai pulled out his notebook. "Anything I can do, just tell me. I hope the Party branch will instruct me on how to do it."

The next day he didn't go to the fields. In keeping with the plan he had worked out with the Party secretary of the brigade branch,

he spent the whole morning rummaging through chests and cupboards. He laid out quilts, sheets, sweaters and rubber shoes. He put thermos flasks, mirrors, the alarm clock and other such utensils all over the room. When he had placed everything in order, he looked around as if searching for something else. Finally he climbed the ladder into the attic.

His mother, who had been watching him in mystification, demanded: "What are you doing, Little Third?"

"Don't ask now, ma. I need these things." Hai was noisily ransacking the attic loft.

"Where's my basket, ma?"

"Which basket?"

"The one I went begging with."

"I burned it long ago. What do you want that for? Your brother has a lot of new ones in his room."

"I need that one." After searching a long time, Hai came down with half a stick.

"Don't burn this stick, ma. It'll still be useful a hundred years from now."

Hai's mother didn't know what possessed him. But she didn't try to stop him, though she muttered under her breath.

He went out with a new basket, but before he had gone very far, he came back to warn: "Nobody's to touch this stuff."

At noon when Hai's father returned for lunch, he saw the articles arrayed all over the room.

"What are these for?" he asked in some annoyance.

"It's Hai's doing. He said nobody's to touch them."

"Where is he?"

"He's been gone a couple of hours. I don't know what he's up to."

"Oh?" Hai's father looked around the room. He remembered the secretary of the brigade Party branch saying that they ought to make a comparison of the present and the past to educate Sung. He ate his lunch thoughtfully, then got out his brand-new padded tunic and trousers and put them on the table.

Hai came dashing back, all in a sweat, when it was nearly time for supper. He began bustling around the stove.

His mother pointed at the cauldron. "What are you doing, Little Third?"

"Brewing medicine to cure an ailment."

"Aren't you feeling well? Don't worry me, son. Shall we send for a doctor?"

"It's not me, ma, it's somebody else. I'm going to cure him." Hai went back to stirring his medicine.

While he was busy at the stove, another person was busy in the next house.

Sung had laid out his tobacco leaves on the floor and was sorting them according to quality and tying them into smaller bundles. As he sat on a little stool, his eyes on the tobacco, he was thinking: "Tomorrow is market day at Shatang. I couldn't dispose of this the other day when they had the fair at Paicheng, and Fu has been after me to sell it." Sung frowned. "People are complaining that I'm neglecting the farm work. If I don't transplant those rice sprouts I'll be in trouble.... Still, I've promised Fu. I ought to keep my word. He's done me favours too. I'll go just this once."

"What are you standing there for?" he barked at his wife, who was watching from the side. "Get me my supper. I've got to go out tonight."

"You're always going out. Where are you off to this time? You're never home." She didn't move.

"I'm doing it for your sake as well as mine."

"Doing what? You've worn out several pairs of shoes, running around, but I haven't seen a penny in return."

"I'll pay you back for the shoes when the time comes."

"I don't believe a word of it." She started cooking supper. "Your pa's face has been longer by a foot these past few days. How are you going to explain? And now Little Third is back. Sooner or later they're going to find you out."

"You talk too much," Sung growled, picking up his tobacco. "You needn't bother with supper. I'll eat in East Hill."

"What's so tasty about their food? You've been bewitched. No wonder people say like master like apprentice. If you run with the weasel you end up stealing chickens."

Fu was in East Hill waiting to talk about taking the tobacco to market. Sung had no time to argue with his wife. He lifted the tobacco to his shoulder just as Hai came in the door.

"Busy for others again, brother?"

"Ah, you've come. That's fine. Have a seat." Sung had no choice but to delay his departure. He didn't put the tobacco away, however.

Hai eyed it. "Where are you going?"

"I... I was thinking of walking over to East Hill. Fu joined the brigade there the spring before last. He's asked me to come."

"Oh, they're having a meeting there, are they?" Hai wanted to test his brother. "You ought to go, then. I'll drop around again in a couple of days."

"Well, it's not exactly a meeting. I've got a little personal business in East Hill. Of course, if you're not in a hurry, maybe a day or two from now would be better." He started for the door.

Hai stopped him. "Since you haven't any meeting, I'd like to talk with you tonight."

"Oh, all right." Sung could see no way out of it. He deposited the tobacco on the floor. "I haven't eaten yet. You go back first. I'll be over after supper."

Hai picked up the bundle of tobacco leaves. "Ma has it ready for us. Come on. Sister-in-law, let's all go together."

The whole family was there — over ten people, old and young. It was a warm reunion, with talk and laughter. Hai escorted Sung to the table and said:

"I'd like to ask you a few things, brother. It won't take very long. When we've finished, you can go about your business."

"No hurry, no hurry." Sung looked at the family around him. His father's face was grim indeed. The room was cluttered with articles like a general merchandise store. His heart began to pound. "Didn't Hai say he wanted to have a chat?" he thought. "Why is everybody here?"

"Pa, some of the things in this room I don't recognize," Hai said in a calm unhurried manner. "I thought I'd ask brother about them. And since they're connected with the whole family, I've invited the rest of you too. It's a kind of family meeting, so to speak."

"Good." His father understood. "Anything you want to say, go ahead."

"The comrades in my army unit asked me the names of some wild herbs. Though I knew them as a child, I've been eating well and dressing warmly the last few years, and I've forgotten. I dug some up on the mountain today, and brought them home. I'd like brother to tell what they're called."

"Oh, is that all?" Sung was relieved. He gazed at Hai in annoyance and thought: "Why do you need me for this? Anyone in the village can tell you."

"It's been more than a dozen years since you used to take me into the mountains to dig wild herbs, brother. I was just a kid, then." Hai dumped the herbs in his basket on the table. "I wonder whether you still remember these."

This was going to be easy. Sung stood up. One by one, he identified the herbs by their local names: "Wild celery, mountain cucumber...."

"You still know them," Hai said angrily.

"Of course."

"Maybe you know their names," Hai stood up too, "but you've completely forgotten how bitter they are."

"How could I?" Sung wanted to retort. "I ate them for nearly twenty years longer than you."

Hai had been quite cool to start with. By recalling the past, he was going to educate his brother, as the branch Party secretary had instructed. But when he saw those wild herbs, memories of his bitter childhood, of begging from door to door, of chill wind and cruel rain, flooded back upon him. Fighting down his unhappiness, he led Sung around the room, and showed him the new clothing, bedding and household utensils they had acquired since liberation. Finally he took up the half of a broken stick.

"We have two societies on display in this room — a new, and an old. Think back, brother, what did we have in the old society? A carrying pole if the harvest was good, a stick to beat off dogs if it was poor. For the past three years we've had very bad weather, but the government has cancelled our tax in grain and sent relief grain to our door instead so that we wouldn't have to dig wild herbs. Yet some people still aren't satisfied. They accept the fine seed grain the government has sent, but instead of concentrating on raising a good crop they go off and try to earn 'ready cash.' If that isn't forgetting the taste of wild herbs, what is?"

No one spoke. Sung squatted down, supporting his head with his hands, his eyes lowered in shame.

"Tell brother how we spent the New-Year holiday in 1948, ma," Hai requested. He looked at the half a stick.

"What ... what year was that?" she asked.

"The year Little Fourth ... starved to death," said her husband. She wiped her tears with the edge of her tunic. "After Pan the ward chief sent you off to the army," she said to Sung, "we couldn't make ends meet." An icy gust seemed to enter her throat, blocking her voice. She wanted to say: "The harvest wasn't bad that year, but we had nothing to eat." She wanted to say: "I went begging with Little Third in Lienchi, carrying Little Fourth. The left-over slops I got couldn't even keep the baby alive." She wanted to say: "We burned charcoal in the dead of winter, hoping to hold on to our half *mu* of land. In the end, Liu the landlord took it away." She wanted to say so many things, she didn't know where to start. Several times she opened her mouth, but no sound came out.

Hai poured her a cup of water. "Speak, ma," he urged.

"All right, I'll speak." She ground her teeth. "The night of the thirtieth, Little Fourth starved to death. The morning of the first, Liu the landlord sent men to collect the debt we owed him. Your pa couldn't pay, so, besides taking our half *mu* of land, they dragged him to the township government and put him in prison. Two months later, one of Liu's sons was seriously ill, and the doctor said he needed a broth of 'human stock.' I hurried to Lienchi and gave ... a piece of meat ... and that's how I was able to bring your pa home."

"Grandma," said one of the little nephews, "what's 'human stock'?" "Human flesh." She rolled up her sleeve and showed a scar as big as a cup on her arm.

Hai had seen it countless times, but each time he seemed to see blood gushing from her wound. His heart contracted, his chest felt ready to burst. He looked at his mother with tears in his eyes, then clenched his fist and smashed it down on the table.

His sister wanted to say something comforting to her mother, but she couldn't speak for weeping.

Sung wished he could crawl into a hole and hide. Hai asked him: "How did you spend 1948, brother?"

As a matter of fact Sung hardly knew how he got through that year. He remembered being taken to the province of Hupei and running away with one half of his head shaved. He had no idea where he was, or how he was going to get home. He had no travelling money and tried to get a job as a hired-hand. But his half-shaven head marked him plainly as an escaped conscript, and no one would have anything to do with him. Weak with hunger, he was digging up two sweet potatoes in a field, when the landlord caught him and beat him half to death. He threatened to turn him over to the authorities and relented only when Sung presented him with his worn unlined robe. After that, he hid in an abandoned temple in the mountains till his hair grew out again. Wild herbs kept him alive. But now, what could he say?

"Those days are gone," he sighed. "It's best not to talk about them."

"You can not talk about them if you like, but you shouldn't forget them." Hai helped him to a chair and made him sit down. He pointed at the little nephews. "Except for them, we've all grown up on the wild herbs of Ravens Nest. You came into the world twenty years earlier than me, you suffered twenty years more hardship. You ought to be running well up front on the road to socialism, brother."

"Say no more, Little Third. I've been a fool. I've let you down."

Hai felt he himself was partly to blame. On the excuse that he was busy, he had rarely written home. He hadn't been concerned

enough about Sung. The main reason was that he hadn't thoroughly understood the class struggle, he hadn't constantly borne in mind that every man must choose between the two roads. It was a test all had to meet. Hai looked up at the picture of Chairman Mao Tse-tung pasted on the middle of the wall.

"If you're talking of letting down, it's the Communist Party, which has brought us good days, that you've let down. It's Chairman Mao, who has led us along the right path, that you've let down. Chairman Mao has sent grain to our mouths, hoping that we'll produce enough food to get ourselves through this bad year. Even the secretary of the Party county committee and cadres from the government offices are out transplanting rice in the paddy field. We're people who raise crops, yet we're eating the government's grain. If we don't work at collective production and think only of our private interests, what will we do next year — ask the government for another hand-out? We've got six hundred million people. If they all asked for hand-outs, where would the Party get enough grain? Our country's socialism belongs to us. We mustn't just eat it out of existence. And we certainly mustn't follow others down crooked paths. Our family have been poor peasants for generations, brother."

Sung understood all this. He hated himself for having lost his bearings and forgetting who he was. He rose to his feet.

"It's my own fault for not remembering my origin. What should I do, Little Third?"

"The Party secretary says we ought to use the old method — get some folk who used to be poor peasants in Ravens Nest together and let them give you a 'hot bath.' You give yourself a good scrubbing too. Then you can start pumping water into the paddy field and transplanting rice sprouts."

"I'll go and round them up."

"Wait a minute. Whose tobacco is this?"

"Fu's. He said he was too busy with his tailoring work. He asked me to sell it for him when I go to market."

"Secretary Chou went over to East Hill last night to discuss how to solve Fu's problem. You ought to work more in the fields from

now on and bother less with other people's private affairs. The kind of help you've been giving him harms collective production and harms him too."

"Right. Well, I'm off."

"Not so fast. The secretary has already asked some people." He lifted the three-legged earthenware pot from the stove and put it on the table. "Didn't you say you haven't eaten yet? Neither have I. I've cooked up some wild herbs. Let's each have a bowl. No matter how fancy the food may be we eat in the future, you and I and everybody in this room must never forget the hard times when we ate wild herbs. Never."

Hai's father stood up. "Come on, all of you have a taste. It will do you good to know what we lived on for generations."

Each member of the family took a bowlful of wild herbs. Of course it was rather bitter, but it tasted different than in the past. For the vat was filled with relief grain, and they were in a new brick house with a tiled roof. They could taste the bitterness of the old society and the sweetness of the new in those few mouthfuls of wild herbs, and all the sorrows and joys of generations of the Ouyang family seemed embodied in them as well.

Sung ate, tears running down his cheeks. "I mustn't wait any longer," he thought. "I've got to transplant those rice sprouts."

Hai noticed the frowns of his young nephews as they ate their portions. "This is worth more to them than my gift of bookbags," he thought. "It will give them the political nourishment they lack."

A wind sprang up outside and brought down some pine nuts from the tree. They lay silently in the loam. But soon the seeds would break the outer husks. They would sprout and grow and develop into a small grove of green pine saplings.

*

The terraced fields of Phoenix Village were covered with transplanted rice sprouts. Hai's leave was nearly up. It was time to return to the army.

Ten days had gone by in a flash. Hai felt that although he had been busy every moment, he hadn't much to show for it. Of the three things he had guaranteed to his Party branch, he had "joined in the commune's farm work" to some extent, but he hadn't done well enough in "solving any problems between himself and his family in a principled manner," and even on the third and easiest promise — to "return to camp on time" — he was having a bit of trouble. There were also a number of things he hadn't done, such as going to see commune Secretary Chou again and giving him a full report, and cutting a good supply of fuel for Grandpa Teh-hsin. Most difficult of all, he still hadn't told his mother he was leaving the next day.

"She'd like me stay longer. That's understandable," he thought. "But not only can't I do that — I want to go tomorrow, two days earlier than planned. How can I tell her? Maybe I'm worrying for nothing. Ma's a very reasonable person. She'll understand that we're very busy in the army, we've a lot to do. Well, first I'll cut two more loads of brushwood for Grandpa Teh-hsin, then we'll see."

But as Hai was going out the door with his chopper, the brigade leader met him and took him over to brigade headquarters.

It was full of people sitting there waiting for him. They had heard he was going back to the army and they wanted him to give one more talk. Any topic at all would do, they said. Up in the mountains they were rather cut off. Hai didn't know what to say. The request was so vague. What should he talk about?

"Tell us anything you like," Old Teh-hsin urged. "We don't hear much, up in these hills. Take me, for instance. I'm over seventy, but I haven't seen as much as you and I don't understand nearly as much either. Tell us what people on the outside eat and wear. Even that will broaden our knowledge."

"Right, right," the others agreed. "Tell us what they eat and wear. That will do."

"Is it true that folk in Kwangtung don't need cotton-padded clothes in winter?"

"And isn't there a place called Hainan Island where they get three crops a year?"

Hai had grown up here in the hills himself. He felt he hadn't learned all that much in the four years since he had left. But he couldn't very well refuse his neighbours. He thought a moment, then began a rambling discourse. He told them about the Korean people and their "Flying Horse" movement. He told them about a country called Albania. "It's not very large," he said, "and its population is small, but the people there are tough." He told how the guerrillas in south Vietnam were winning victories everywhere.... He told how well the Chinese people all over the country were doing in their struggle against difficulties. For over two hours he talked, but still his audience wanted more. He related everything he had read in the newspapers, everything his army commanders had said, but his listeners pleaded for him to go on.

"All right. I'll tell you about a man."

"Fine." As long as he continued talking, they were satisfied.

"There's a comrade called Tseng Wu-chun. He's our political instructor. He's also the one who sponsored my application to join the Party." Hai started from the beginning. He told how Tseng's given name was changed from "Five Catties," how he had suffered as a child, how he had come into the ranks of the revolution. He told how many battles Tseng had fought, how many decorations he had earned, right up to the battle of Taiyuan when, to protect his comrades, he had snatched a red-hot enemy machine-gun with his bare hands.

"When the battle was over, the leadership wanted to decorate him, but he refused. He said another comrade deserved most of the credit, he had only helped...."

The more Hai recalled about the political instructor, his big frame and stubble-covered cheeks, the more excited his voice became.

"We had an urgent task the autumn before last. Political Instructor Tseng went with us to the site and worked day and night, as if he'd never been wounded. One day, when we were saving materials from a flood, he held a collapsing storage shed up with his bad arm to let some comrades escape, then he fell unconscious in the water.... He usually speaks so soft and gentle, none of us knew he had been a combat hero. But he's done so much, hands and heart, for the

revolution. He knows that however heavy the burden, a revolutionary must fight for the cause of the Party. So he labours tirelessly, never thinking about himself, never talking about himself."

The room was still. Several of the men nodded admiringly. "We've had some rotten weather in Phoenix Village these past few years," Hai went on. "It really hasn't been easy. But compared to the old days in Ravens Nest before liberation, we're a hundred times better off. If each of us can be like Comrade Tseng and realize the responsibility we bear, and understand why we must work well in the fields, then no hardship can stop us. We're producing not just to raise a bit more grain and live a little better, but because we're fighting a revolution. We say the people's communes are paradise, but there are some who'd like to see them fail. If we don't produce well, we're only hurting ourselves. Men have given their lives for the revolution. We're not sick or disabled. How can we face people if we don't at least raise good crops?"

"Yes," Old Teh-hsin agreed. "There are some who have a purpose in life. But there are others, though they live to be seventy or eighty, who think only of filling their bellies and dressing up. They don't know that man was born into the world for revolution. They're no better than animals."

"Grandpa Teh-hsin is right," said Hai. "We may be only a small village in the mountains where nobody comes from the outside, but Chairman Mao himself is concerned whether we produce well. When you stand on the summit you shouldn't just look at the surrounding counties, you should be seeing Peking in your heart. Our brigade has only a few dozen families in it, but if we do a good job, that helps push the revolution forward. If we all walk a bit faster, we'll complete our socialist construction that much earlier. When we understand that, we know that we don't just live to eat and dress but to build communism, to win the proletarian revolution."

Hai had finished. His listeners asked no more, their eyes were bright. Ravens Nest ... Phoenix Village — you couldn't find either of them on the map. How many people had ever heard of them? But they were a part of the revolution. Though the few

dozen families on the hilltop no longer slaved for Liu the landlord, they were not content with merely rearing children and perpetuating the family line. They were waging a revolution for countless generations to come, for suffering people the world over.

The brigade leader stood up. "Our Hai has gone ahead fast these few years in the army, I say. The PLA makes men."

Grandpa Teh-hsin walked over and patted Hai's head. "He hasn't rested half a day in the ten days he's been back," the old man said with feeling. "He worked nine whole days in the paddy fields alone, and he's brought me brushwood besides. I won't say any more. What do you think we ought to do?" he asked the others.

"Write a letter to his unit and tell them about it."

"Credit him with work points."

"At twenty points a day, that's a hundred and eighty."

Hai hastily rose to his feet. "I didn't do it for the work points," he protested.

"We know that, and we'll record your goodness in our hearts. But the work points we'll record in our account book. Otherwise," the old man struck his chest with his hand, "our conscience will bother us."

"Don't write any letters, brothers, and don't record any points," Hai pleaded. "I eat our country's food and I wear our country's uniform. I was raised on the mountain spring water and the wild herbs and tree bark of Ravens Nest, on the grains of Phoenix Village. I've come home and done a little work — what does that matter? I'm still in debt to our community for its kindness in bringing me up." Hai took his chopper and set out for the hills. He had a lot of things to do.

When the sun was on the western ridge, he arrived with a full load of brushwood at the home of Old Teh-hsin.

"We're busy in the army. I've got to go back tomorrow, grandpa," he said with a smile. "I didn't cut you enough fuel, but I will the next time I come."

Actually brushwood was already stacked high beside the stove. Hai had delivered a load every day. Old Teh-hsin looked at the

huge pile in silence. Hai put a few more sticks in the fire, boiled some water in the tripod pot and steeped a bowl of tea. He handed this to the old man and turned to leave. Old Teh-hsin called him back.

"Let me take another look at you, son." He stood up and grasped Hai's hand. "I'm a childless old man. In the old society, my life was very hard. I didn't care whether I lived or died. Today I'm over seventy and the commune arranges everything for me. I wanted to look after the stock, but the cadres wouldn't let me because they were afraid I'd get too tired. To tell the truth, I'd hate to die now. I want to live a few more years and see more of our society, see more of the good young folk our Communist Party has reared. Son, you've brought me fuel every day, right up to the last day before you go. Who ... who's taught you to do such things?"

"Chairman Mao. In his article *Serve the People* he tells me to serve the interests of the people absolutely and entirely. I'm only just learning how."

"Good, good...." The old man was too moved to say any more.

Hai left the old man and walked towards home. From afar, he saw his mother sitting on the threshold. He simply had to tell her. But how? He slipped by her into the house, singing a tune with deliberate casualness, then began packing rapidly. Fortunately she was concentrating on the shoe she was stitching and didn't say anything. He decided to put it off another hour till his father came home. It would be easier with more people around.

At last his father returned. But Hai thought his mother looked angry and he still couldn't bring himself to speak. Sung called him aside and said: "We'll tell her tomorrow morning, after you've gone." Hai didn't like this very much, but at least it would be better than having to face his mother's tears.

They all retired. Hai lay on his bed remembering how he had left home to join the army. Now he was leaving again, and there was no telling when he would return. The thought saddened him a bit. Yet after an absence of ten days he was eager to get back to his platoon. Was everything all right? It was nearly time for the preliminary selection of companies which met the "Four Good" re-

quirements.* And how was the political training going? He ought to get back quickly. There was a lot of work waiting for him. He would speak to his mother after all before leaving. He'd explain that he was going back two days ahead of time because of revolutionary work. She'd understand.

He began drifting off into sleep. It seemed to him that he could see the stars through the roof. "Impossible. This is a new house." He rubbed his eyes. There was a crack of light on the ceiling, but it was coming from the room next door. "Ma's not asleep yet." He got up quietly, pushed open the door and went in.

She was seated on the edge of the bed, squinting as she stitched a cloth shoe in the light of an oil lamp.

"It's late, ma. Why aren't you sleeping?"

"In a minute."

"Don't be too long. The roosters have crowed a second time."

"Just a few more stitches and I'll be finished."

"It's hard to see at night." Hai hesitated. "You can finish tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? But you're going tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Ma ... I can put it off. My leave isn't up yet." Hai was flurried.

"Little Third," his mother looked at him, "I know you're anxious to get back to your army work. That's as it should be. But why haven't you said anything to me? Don't you trust your ma?"

"Of course I do, ma. Didn't you see me off when I joined the army? I was afraid you'd feel bad. I thought I'd tell you later."

"Your ma can't read and she doesn't know much. When one of her children goes far away it tugs at her heart strings. Of course I'll shed a few tears. What mother wouldn't? But you're off to do proper things, to work for the revolution. I can't keep you, and I wouldn't try. These things I understand. I'm hurrying to finish

*In 1961, to strengthen the work of building up the basic army units and raise the fighting power of the companies, the Military Commission of the Party's Central Committee called on the whole Chinese People's Liberation Army to carry out a movement for "Four Good" companies. "Four Good" means: good in political ideology, good in the "Three Eight" working style, good in military training, and good in regulating living conditions.

a pair of shoes that you can walk ten thousand *li* in on your revolutionary tasks."

"Ma," Hai cried. He wanted to urge her to rest, but he didn't. He wanted to explain that he had enough shoes in the army, but he didn't say that either. Let her make the shoes if she wanted to. They were an expression of a mother's love.

When he awoke the next morning a pair of new cloth shoes was resting by his pillow and a dozen warm hard-boiled eggs had been placed in his kit-bag. Obviously his mother hadn't slept all night. Hai put his army shoes away and slipped on the pair his mother had made. He walked over to her.

"They're a perfect fit, ma."

She looked at the shoes. Though she didn't say anything, there was a pleased expression in her eyes.

Sung returned from the fields and took Hai's hand.

"You can go back to the army with an easy heart, Little Third. I'll remember what you've told me. This autumn ... this autumn you'll be hearing news from our brigade of a big harvest."

Originally Hai had been intending to give him a few words of advice, but he changed his mind and only gripped his brother's large callused hand. When a poor peasant like Sung recalled his suffering under the old society, saw clearly the brightness of the collective road and decided to go along with the Communist Party all his life, no advice was necessary.

Hai's father, standing in a distant field, put down his hoe and waved his pipe as if to say: "Go on, son. Travel ahead faster."

Hai said goodbye to his family, said goodbye to the pine tree, and started down the hill in his new shoes. He was "off to do proper things, to work for the revolution" as his mother had said. The thought put extra strength into his legs, and his steps resounded upon the path.

He was leaving Phoenix Village, leaving his mother, bearing her injunctions and the hopes of all his neighbours with him as he returned to the army. The eddies of dust stirred up by the new shoes swirled forward.

The rice fields scattered around Lienchi had turned from yellow to green, and the lustrous sprouts grew so thickly that the water couldn't be seen. Hai's heart warmed as he strode along. After three years of wretched weather, there was hope of a good harvest this autumn.

Not far ahead down the road was the commune office. Hai had a great deal to tell Secretary Chou. He hadn't been able to relate the happenings of four years in the army in their one brief meeting. He hoped the old platoon leader would give him some guidance for the future. His thoughts were broken by a thump on the back.

"Where are you going, Hai?"

He turned around. Secretary Chou was standing behind him.

"I was on my way to see you."

"See me? I've been waiting for days for a look at your face. I thought you'd sneaked off."

"I said in that report I wrote you that I definitely was coming to see you. These last few days other things have tied me down."

"Well, it's a good job you've come today. If you hadn't I'd have sent someone to grab you."

Hai smiled disbelievingly.

"Don't laugh." Chou was quite serious. "I really was going to send for you. There's enemy activity. Do you know that?"

Enemy activity! The words electrified Hai as they had years before when the PLA men were after Bastard Wu on Mount Taiping. He halted and instinctively reached for his gun. Brimming with excitement, he demanded:

"Secretary Chou, you mean —"

"I'm due at a county Party committee meeting. Come on. I'll tell you in the car."

The car the committee had sent raced towards town. Chou spoke before Hai could open his mouth.

"Have you heard? There's going to be a war."

"Really?" Hai almost stood up in the car.

"Yes. The county Party committee just issued a notice to all soldiers home on leave to return to their units at once. At the instigation of the American imperialists, Chiang Kai-shek is yapping that he's going to invade our southeast coast. His old bones must be itching for a beating," Chou said contemptuously.

"You mean it?" Hai gripped his hand. "That's marvellous."

"That's why I said if you hadn't come today I'd have sent someone to grab you."

"I don't need to be grabbed. I've been waiting for years for this. I thought you old revolutionaries had finished all the wars there were going to be, that I'd never get a chance. But now Old Baldy Chiang is coming right to our door. Wonderful. That will save me the trouble of going after him."

He remembered when he had just joined the army. He didn't know north from south and east from west, and thought he was at the Fukien front, mistaking the blasting of cliffs for the bombardment of Quemoy. He didn't understand anything then. But he'd wanted to rush off and fight even before he learned how to fire a rifle. Later he had raised a big fuss, insisting that he be sent to Tibet to put down the reactionaries. He had thought he could become a hero the moment he stepped on the battlefield, that he'd be another Tung Tsun-jui.

"I was acting childish then. But now," he told himself, "I can show what I'm really made of."

"Well, are you satisfied?"

Hai compressed his lips, his eyes dancing. He didn't answer because he didn't know how. He wanted to say he was, yet he wanted to keep the words buried deep in his heart. There'd be battles to fight — no doubt about that. The key question was whether he'd fight well and capture many enemy soldiers and arms.

"Of course those scrawny few troops of Baldy Chiang won't cook up into more than a couple of dishes," said Chou. "Don't laugh. It's true. I don't think all of our men necessarily will get a chance to fight."

"Whether I do or not depends on whether Third Company is sent to the front," Hai agreed. "If we do get a crack at them and I don't

nab a few of Chiang's whiskered old dogfaces and their American guns I won't deserve the title of 'Five Good' soldier."

"Now look here," Chou nudged him in the ribs. "Find out when you get back to camp if they're accepting old veterans and let me know right away." He was half in earnest.

"What for?"

"I want to fight." Chou's expressive eyes flashed. "I haven't heard the sound of cannon in ten years."

"Oh, so you'd like to fight too?"

"Why not? Maybe you feel I shouldn't be thinking such a thing?"

Hai moved slightly away and drew himself into a righteous posture. "And who will take over your job as commune secretary if you go to war? What did you tell me when I wanted to join the army? Agriculture is the foundation of our economy. The job of a point recorder is also important. . . . Today, you're the one who wants to go off and fight. Doesn't your reasoning apply any more?"

"Hai, you've forgotten who helped you register to volunteer. I only ask you to do a small thing for me and you refuse."

"You should have got me into the army long before then. The next generation has to be trained to take over. It's your duty to see to it that we young fellows are able to fight a war."

"That's right. And where but the battlefield would be a better place for showing you how to take over? Besides, people of all ages have the responsibility to defend their country. If they're accepting veterans and you don't let me know, Hai, I'll really drub you when you come back."

"Whether I let you know or not, I'm going to report you when we get to the county office. Secretary Chou isn't concentrating on his job, I'll say. He wants to go off and fight."

"Well said, Hai. Those four years in the army haven't been in vain. You've learned to look at the whole picture. Good. Now let me tell you — we in the rear will have plenty to do. The Party county committee wants us to finish training our militia ahead of time. We've got to be just as good as the regular army at attack or defence when the shooting starts."

"Oho, so all this talk has only been meant to test me."

There was a brief silence, then one of them punched the other lightly and they both burst into laughter.

On either side of the road green paddy fields sped backwards past the car. Hai was planning how he would win merits. Chou was analysing the present situation.

"If war comes, Hai, Kueiyang County will be depending on you fellows to protect the autumn harvest. As for me, I'll be pushing a wheelbarrow, delivering grain to you at the front."

"Secretary, I promise not to let our neighbours down." Hai rapped out the words emphatically.

When they arrived at the county office, the secretary of the county Party committee greeted them.

"Have you heard, Ouyang Hai?"

"Yes, just now."

"Good. Fight well at the front. Earn glory for the people of Kueiyang County."

"I'll remember your words, secretary."

The county secretary patted his shoulder. "The whole county will be waiting for good news about you. Now hurry back to your unit. Tell the other boys from this county that the people of Kueiyang want you all to fight fiercely and well. Wipe out every one of the enemy. Don't let a single one escape."

"Yes, sir."

"The comrades of the military department are all here," the secretary said to Chou. "We're ready to start our meeting."

Hai saluted the county Party secretary and turned to go. Chou stepped forward and clasped his hand.

"Get back to camp quickly. I won't hold you up. For the people's sake win plenty of merits." He took a book from his pocket. "I've just finished reading this copy of *Red Crag*. You can have it. It will tell you how a Communist ought to live, how he should fight for the people."

Hai put the book in his kit-bag. "Goodbye, Secretary Chou. Do you have any other instructions for me?"

"No. You'd better go," said Chou, but he didn't release Hai's hand. Their grip, if anything, grew tighter. Neither of them spoke, but their eyes, shining with mutual confidence and hope, with resolve and deep emotion, expressed the many things they wanted to say.

(To be continued)

Translated by Sidney Shapiro

Revolutionary Aphorisms

Aphorisms form an integral part of Chinese folk literature. The people compose them whenever they want to state a general truth derived from their own experience of life. The following is a selection of new aphorisms widely circulated among the men of the Chinese People's Liberation Army.



Chairman Mao's words are like the red sun, for ever bright.



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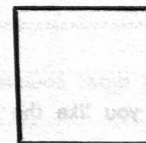
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Relying on mere physical strength is of little worth,
But relying on Mao Tse-tung's thought we can make a new
heaven and earth.

All rivers in the world flow to the sea,
All truths are found in the works of Mao Tse-tung.

Past counting, the stars in the sky;
Past measuring, the water in the sea;
Past telling, the might of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

Each word in Chairman Mao's works
Is a battle-drum,
Each sentence is the truth.

Bullets and shells
Are no match
For the spiritual atom-bomb of Mao Tse-tung's thought.

A revolutionary staunch and true
Reads Chairman Mao his whole life through.

Dearer than rain or dew to the parched crops
Are Chairman Mao's works to our troops.

Of all rules to remember, the first, best one
Is to practise the teachings of Mao Tse-tung.

However busy we may be,
We must never forget to study Chairman Mao's works
And apply them creatively.

Difficulties by thousands may hedge us around,
But with Chairman Mao's thought a solution is found.

Learn from Chairman Mao to keep a firm class stand,
Or you may betray the Party in the end.

If you don't study Chairman Mao
You will be blind;
If you do
A red sun will light up your mind.

Fish cannot live without water;
Without studying the works of Chairman Mao
Soldiers cannot be true revolutionaries.

Study Chairman Mao's writings well
And you will know right from wrong, you will see plain;
Take the road of communism
And you will stand firm, come tempest or pelting rain.

Study Mao Tse-tung's works well
And no trials will daunt you, however overwhelming;
His works will light up your mind
And speed communism's coming.

A soldier will fight like a hero
Only if on the thought of Mao Tse-tung he relies;
But armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought
He can cross seas of fire, climb hills of knives.

Without the sun, the moon can shed no light;
Without rain or dew, a crop dies;
Soldiers who don't study Chairman Mao's works and put
them into practice
Will lose their way — even with open eyes.

Keep Chairman Mao's thought in mind
And no hardships can cause you dismay,
No setbacks can make you give way.

A man armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung
Has a backbone stronger than iron,
A will firmer than steel.

Heads may fall,
Blood may flow;
But never let go
Of the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

A key in daily use
Sparkles with light,
Just as fresh-springing fountains
Are always clear and bright;
And men who study the works of Chairman Mao
Are full of drive and fight.

The eagle which soars through the sky must have strong wings;
The soldier who wants to take long views must rely on the
thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Read Chairman Mao's works every day,
You'll not lose your way but see clear;
Read Chairman Mao's works every day,
And you'll have drive and to spare;
Read Chairman Mao's works every day
And you'll overcome hardships of every kind;
Read Chairman Mao's works every day
And nothing can poison your mind.

To solve a problem, read Chairman Mao's works;
When fresh problems crop up, read Chairman Mao's works.

You must hit the right spot when you're beating a drum,
 You must pluck the right strings when you're playing a lute;
 And to study Chairman Mao's works well
 You must put what you've learned into practice.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is a telescope for a revolutionary
 To see clearly what lies thousands of miles away.

Mao Tse-tung's thought is a microscope for a revolutionary,
 All germs, all pests enabling him to see.

No matter how black a crow's wings,
 They cannot shut out the bright sun;
 No matter how vicious the lies of bourgeois "authorities,"
 They cannot harm the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

A fierce dog fears a stick,
 A fierce wolf fears the hunter's gun,
 The enemy fears most the thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Another New Vessel (traditional painting)
 by Lo Chien-wen ►

Lo Chien-wen is a young artist of the
 traditional school.



One Family

It was a September morning. Huo-ken, head of West Village Production Team, got up at the crack of dawn, bolted his breakfast, and hurried off to East Village Production Team. Why all this rush? Because East Village would finish collecting fertilizer in two or three more days whereas it would take his own team another week. No wonder he was worried.

East Village and West Village were go-ahead teams and during the last few years had competed like race-horses, one drawing ahead in production this month only to be overtaken the next by the other, so that the red flag of the brigade was always shuttling between the two of them. In this business of collecting fertilizer, Huo-ken saw that East Village was ahead again. That pleased and worried him at the same time. He was pleased by East Village's success, worried by the fact that his own team had dropped behind. All right, they must catch up now and overtake their rival. He was

Chiang Kuei-fu, aged 32, is a peasant in Chingpu County, near Shanghai. He has written several short stories including *All Because of a Hen* and *Happy Harvesters*.

hurrying to East Village so bright and early because some of his team's boats were out on other jobs, leaving too few for the fertilizer drive. He meant to borrow one from East Village to dredge up mud from the river-bed to be used as fertilizer, and pick up some tips from them at the same time. Hai-ken who headed East Village Team had worked as a hired-hand with Huo-ken before the liberation. Now both were team-leaders and as close as brothers.

The two villages were barely five *li* apart, and putting his best leg foremost Huo-ken covered this distance in less time than it takes for two meals. At sight of his old friend, Hai-ken of East Village beat a tattoo of welcome with his pipe and offered him bowl after bowl of tea, as strong as well-matured rice wine. His talk was punctuated by dry chuckles like the steady chopping up of bamboo-splints. Huo-ken was in no mood for a chat, though, and coming straight to the job in hand he learned that East Village had raised its fertilizer target. "If that's the case, I can't borrow a boat," he thought. "That would be like asking the loan of a lantern at night from someone who needs it himself." But Hai-ken, aware that his friend had come on business, insisted on knowing what it was.

"Well, I figured you were nearly through with collecting fertilizer," said Huo-ken. "So I wanted to borrow a boat. Since you've raised your target, I won't ask for the loan. Of course your own work comes first."

"Why, the fact is, brother, we've nearly reached our new target. Sure, you can take a boat."

"I wouldn't dream of it. You must have your hands full."

"Go ahead and take one. You need it more than we do."

Hai-ken got up to go for a boat, but Huo-ken barred his way. From the racket they made, you'd have thought the two old friends were quarrelling.

Just at this point in ran a girl of twenty, her hair in plaits. She was Hai-ken's daughter Tsai-chen. The second she was through the door she called to her father, "Dad, we had a Youth League meeting yesterday evening and decided to fetch an extra fifteen loads of sludge for every *mu*. I want four boats from you."

That took the wind out of Hai-ken's sails. For the team only had four boats. If the young people hogged them all, how was he to help the other village? He showed his daughter the whites of his eyes and growled, "Scram!"

But she stood her ground and insisted, "I'm only passing on our group's decision. I shan't go till I've got what I came for."

Hai-ken knew his daughter — no half measures for her. "All right, all right," he conceded. "I'll give you three boats."

Still Tsai-chen refused to leave and stuck out for four.

"I tell you what, Brother Hai-ken," put in Huo-ken. "I'll come back in a couple of days to borrow a boat."

Hearing what he wanted exasperated the girl. "We've three rules about lending boats," she said. "You can't borrow a boat for an outing, you can't borrow a boat to go and see your friends and relatives, and you can't borrow a boat to go to a meeting. Since studying the works of Chairman Mao, we've started making the maximum use of our boats in co-ordination with our labour power. That's called 'the concentration of superior forces to fight a war of annihilation.'"

As soon as this had registered, Huo-ken said, "That's right, concentrate superior forces to fight a war of annihilation! So long, Brother Hai-ken!" With that he made quickly off. Hai-ken hurried out after him, yelling to him to stop, but his old friend was already some distance away.

Coming back inside, Hai-ken drummed furiously with his pipe on the table. After a long, wrathful silence, he pointed an accusing finger at Tsai-chen. "Damn it, girl!" he swore. "Have you no sense at all? Can't you use some tact in talking? You sent your uncle off in a huff — now you can fetch him back."

Tsai-chen was completely at sea. What had she said to irritate that old fellow? "What's all this, dad?" she protested. "I didn't hear what you were talking about."

Half her father's anger melted away as the truth of this sank in.

"West Village came to borrow a boat, lass, because they're behind in the fertilizer drive," he explained. "Why did you have to butt

in half way through and demand all our boats? Do you call that a communist style of work?"

Tsai-chen felt rather remorseful. She should have got things clear before blurting out her request. Now her carelessness had not only strained relations between their two teams but, worse still, would hold up West Village's collection of fertilizer. "I'll row a boat over to them, dad," she suggested.

"That's no use. He wouldn't take it. We'll leave it till tomorrow." The sight of his daughter's flushed, anxious face melted away all that was left of his anger. "Do you know who that old fellow is, lass?" he asked.

"No, dad." She shook her head.

He patted her shoulder. "Uncle Huo-ken, that's who he is. My old friend whom you heard so much about when I told you our family history. Right now he's head of West Village Team. He's your young man's dad — your future father-in-law. I don't know what you're going to say to him after sending him off today with a flea in his ear."

Tsai-chen's heart started pounding. If she'd really offended her dad's old friend Huo-ken and her young man's father, it was going to be awkward meeting him again. That mattered less, however, than undermining the unity of their two teams and holding up West Village's production — that was something really serious. But it was no use crying over spilt milk. He had already gone.

That night in bed Hai-ken turned over the day's events in his mind. Ever since the start of the movement to compare with, learn from, catch up with and surpass the advanced and help those lagging behind, their two teams had assisted each other in a truly comradesly way; but what had happened today had been a bad show. If they let down West Village by holding up their work, how could they talk about developing production together to strengthen the collective economy? With this weight on his mind, Hai-ken passed a sleepless night. When he rose early the next day it was raining. Without stopping for breakfast he put on his coir cape and set off to West Village. Just outside his house, however, he saw someone sloshing and slithering through the mud towards him. It was his

daughter's future father-in-law, come back to borrow some dredges. Their meeting was even more cordial than on the previous day. Hai-ken dragged Huo-ken inside and, without stopping to offer him his pipe, launched into an apology. "I feel really bad about what happened yesterday. Tsai-chen only thinks of her own outfit — that's not the communist style. Forget it, will you? You must take a boat back with you."

"No, no, we've settled the problem of the boats." Huo-ken, who never beat about the bush, came directly to the point. "We've more hands than tools right now, so I've come to borrow a few dredges from you."

"Sure, sure. We'll go and get some from the office." Hai-ken was determined to be generous this time to make up for not lending the boat the previous day.

Stepping into the team office, they saw six or seven girls and cadres there twisting twine to mend their dredges. On a small blackboard on the wall were written some sayings of Chairman Mao, which were being expounded by Tsai-chen as she worked, for she happened to be the head of their study group. She felt rather hot and bothered at the sight of her future father-in-law whom she had offended only yesterday. "Do you want something, dad?" she asked.

"Yes, Uncle Huo-ken wants to borrow a few dredges. Will you fetch some out?"

Tsai-chen determined to watch her tongue today and not to be tactless again. She darted into the inner room, brought back four dredges and handed them to Huo-ken.

Since this was more than he had expected, he asked, "How come you've so many to spare?"

She smiled. "After studying Chairman Mao's policies of self-reliance and thriftiness and hard work in running a commune, we decided we must face up to difficulties in the spirit of Tachai.* We've collected all the dredges we'd scrapped in the last few years, and are repairing them."

*The peasants of Tachai Village in Shansi by hard work transformed a backward mountain region into a prosperous commune.

It took Huo-ken a minute to digest this. Then he said to Hai-ken, "That's right, self-reliance. Face up to difficulties. So long, brother." Leaving the dredges there, he turned and rushed off. And once again Hai-ken was too late to stop him.

This was the second time in two days that his old friend had flung off after a snub from Tsai-chen. Hai-ken's beard fairly bristled, he flushed an angry red, and the veins of his neck stood out.

"Damn it, girl, that's the second time you've sent Uncle Huo-ken off with a flea in his ear," he roared. "Are you trying to set our teams at loggerheads? Mighty smart, aren't you?"

Tsai-chen was flummoxed. This injustice rankled. She'd tried to be tactful and not offend Uncle Huo-ken.

"I didn't say anything wrong, did I, dad?" she muttered. "It's not my fault if he up and left and like that."

"Excuses, always excuses!" bellowed her father. "He came specially to borrow dredges, but you kept talking about self-reliance and standing on one's own feet. What for, if not to send him off in a huff?" After giving his daughter an angry dressing-down, Hai-ken left the office with a heavy heart.

Meanwhile Tsai-chen was reflecting how unpredictable old Huo-ken was. However tactfully she tried to talk, he still took offence. Well, since West Village needed dredges she'd take them some, regardless of whether he would accept or not and how angry he might be. When she finished twisting twine it was time for lunch and, running home, she found her father still fuming, too angry to speak to her. She made a face and said teasingly, "Mind you don't burst with anger, dad. After lunch I'm going to deliver those dredges."

"What's the use of that?" He glared at her. "It would just be an empty gesture. He'd be too mad to take them."

"It's the only way to let off steam for you," she chuckled. "I don't want you to blow up."

On second thought, Hai-ken decided that this was the best way to make amends and clear up the misunderstanding. "All right," he said. "I'll go with you."

But as if to thwart them, it started pouring with rain.

"Well, they can't collect fertilizer today," thought Hai-ken. "We'll take them the tackle tomorrow." But the next day and the day after, it rained even harder than ever. He had to wait till the fourth day before it cleared. Then, having allotted the team members' work, he and Tsai-chen took the dredges to West Village.

There was a surprise waiting for them at West Village. The "navy" and "army" were in action together. Yes, men and women, old and young, were all out doing battle: the "sailors" filling their boats with mud, cleaning up the whole river-bed; the "soldiers" spreading fertilizer or digging in green manure on the banks; and the old folk and children collecting poultry droppings. They were going all out, working like a house on fire. Hai-ken and Tsai-chen watched with growing excitement. West Village had more drive than their own team.

They were looking on and marvelling when Huo-ken strode up to them, laughing, his legs covered with mud. To Hai-ken's relief he looked not the least bit angry, but was brimming over with high spirits instead.

"Thank you, brother!" were his first words. "You've helped us a lot. Made us put on a fresh spurt."

Hai-ken could make neither head nor tail of this. "What does he mean?" he wondered. "Instead of helping them, Tsai-chen sent him packing twice."

"You're talking through your hat, brother," he protested, offering his friend the dredges they had brought. "We haven't done a thing for you."

"Oh, haven't you? You gave me better help than a boat or some dredges."

Thoroughly mystified Hai-ken glanced at his daughter, wondering if she had done them a good turn on the sly. But she shook her head by way of reply, equally at a loss.

"You're having us on," declared Hai-ken. "We've not given you any help."

"Don't keep saying that," replied Huo-ken in real earnest. "There's been a new development in our mutual-aid and emulation campaign.

This time you've helped us ideologically. Showed us how to study Chairman Mao's works so as to improve production."

The fact is that on Huo-ken's first visit to East Village, when Tsai-chen spoke of "the concentration of superior forces to fight a battle of annihilation," that was an eye-opener to him. It dawned on him that the failure to concentrate their forces was the main reason why their fertilizer drive was hanging fire — their boats were off on different jobs and their labour power was dispersed. Tsai-chen's quotation from Chairman Mao helped him to see the light and constrained him to hurry straight off. Once home again he lost no time in reassigning the boats and commune members, with the result that their fertilizer collection doubled that day. His second visit to East Village was another big eye-opener, when he saw how the rival team was relying on its own efforts to solve the shortage of dredges. "Our teams used to run neck-and-neck," he thought. "Why has East Village forged ahead? Why have we lagged behind?" These two trips showed him the reason for East Village's success: They were making practical use of what they had learned from the works of Chairman Mao. In fact, the more pressing their tasks the harder they studied. And by organizing the commune members to study they had solved a number of problems regarding production. In his own team, on the other hand, it was only a few cadres who studied Chairman Mao's works; they didn't make practical use of what they learned either; and in the rush to get in fertilizer they'd given up studying, with the result that they weren't making much headway. On the evening of his second return from East Village he called together the Youth Leaguers, poor and lower-middle peasants and some other commune members to study Chairman Mao's policy of construction through self-reliance, and everybody had chipped in with practical suggestions. The upshot was that, in addition to solving the problem of dredges, they had found a large untapped source of fertilizer. In this way, West Village had put on a big spurt.

This explanation cleared up the misapprehension in Hai-ken's mind.

"So you didn't run away in a huff!" he exclaimed.

"I'm like an electric light bulb," Huo-ken quipped. "It took Tsai-chen to turn on the light."

Yes, a light had to be switched on and a misunderstanding cleared up by an explanation. Their minds at rest, Hai-ken and Tsai-chen were preparing to leave when Huo-ken caught his old friend by the arm. "Wait a bit," he cried. "I've something for you to take. I heard from the Party secretary of the brigade that you hadn't got everything ready yet for the harvest."

He led them to a yard stacked with ropes and bamboo trays, some new, some repaired.

"What d'you need all this stuff for?" asked Hai-ken in surprise.

"It'll come in handy if we strike a patch of bad weather round harvest time. If we have to store the newly-reaped rice without sunning it first it may spoil in the barns. Now we can spread it out on these trays where the air will get to it, to keep it in good condition."

"That's a fine idea. Should have thought of it ourselves. Where did you pick up such a useful tip, brother?"

"From you," replied Huo-ken, grinning.

"From us?"

"Yes, from the way you put Chairman Mao's teachings into practice, from the way the busier you are the harder you study. This time from studying Chairman Mao's writings we learned not to fight any battle unprepared but always to prepare for the worst while working to achieve the best results. Linking that up with our own situation, we realized that in farming, too, you need to be ready for anything and prepared for the worst; so we decided to get ready for the harvest in good time."

Hai-ken was very stirred by all he had heard and seen. In just a few days West Village had overtaken East Village both ideologically and in production. Now it was up to his team to learn from them.

Though Tsai-chen's cheeks were burning, she threw back her shoulders and stepped forward to say, "You've stolen a march on us, uncle. On behalf of all our team members, I give you my word we shall do our best to catch up with you and surpass you!"

"That's the spirit," replied Huo-ken. "Our two teams must go on helping each other, learning from each other and competing

with each other, so as to boost production." He proceeded to praise the girl's fine spirit and drive.

Hai-ken tugged at his sleeve then and asked, "Will she make you a good daughter-in-law, brother?"

Huo-ken was foxed. He had no idea what his friend meant. "Who are you calling my daughter-in-law?" he demanded. "Quit kidding."

Tsai-chen had turned away to hide her blushes. Her father indicated her and said, "You're behind with your news. They've been going steady for a year now."

Huo-ken laughed then till the tears came into his eyes, and grabbed hold of Hai-ken's hands. "We're one family then," he chortled.

"Our whole commune, all the poor and lower-middle peasants in China, are one family under Chairman Mao," rejoined Hai-ken.

Tsai-chen faced them again to add, "All the oppressed and exploited people in the world are one big family. We must help each other to win complete liberation for all the labouring people in the world."

*A New Pasture in the Great Northern
Wasteland (coloured woodcut)* ▶

by Chang Chen-chi

Chang Chen-chi, a young woodcut artist, is one of the pioneers to open up the Great Northern Wasteland.





Ling Hsueh-mei

This spring I was transferred from one of our workshops to our plant's administration office. My new job was proof-reading and typing, in addition to acting as a receptionist.

The first visitor I received at my new post was a man who wanted to express his thanks to Ling Hsueh-mei, a girl in our plant. He told me the following story:

"Last Saturday afternoon my mother was coming home from a visit to my younger brother. She's always enjoyed such good health that she hadn't asked anyone to accompany her; but, quite unexpectedly, she fainted on her way home. By a lucky chance some girls were passing by, and they took her to a near-by hospital. When she came to, they were gone. The doctor said he asked repeatedly what their names were and where they worked, but they wouldn't tell him. He insisted until finally one of them said she was Ling Hsueh-mei from your motor-works. Please ask your Party committee

Yu Shih-ho, aged 30, is a fitter at a plant in Peking who writes in his spare time.

to give her this money for the medicine and fare, along with this letter, and to thank her on behalf of my whole family."

I was very pleased to hear that a worker in our plant had done this good deed in the style of Lei Feng.* But the name Ling Hsueh-mei was new to me. After having seen the visitor off I immediately called up the technical department and the clinic; but the two Lings there denied any knowledge of the matter. Then I went to the personnel department to see Old Liang, nicknamed the "walking name-list." From the depth of his knowledge he assured me that there was no such person as Ling Hsueh-mei among the several thousand workers in the plant. Could there have been a mistake over the plant's name? Or had the girl given a false name? Some comrades and I went over all the possibilities we could think of, but without any result.

I went back to my office and reported this to the chief, who said, "We must take visitors' requests seriously. That's our duty. Don't write an answer until you're positive that you can't find the girl."

After that, whatever job I did, I was on the alert to trace her.

One morning, as I passed the general assembly shop I noticed a *tung-fang-hung* coupé parked there, its green body polished till it shone, ready for inspection, no doubt. Out of curiosity I was stroking its smooth surface when a voice behind me called, "Are your hands clean, comrade?" I jerked back my hand as if I had been stung and turned my head to meet the reproachful gaze of a young girl. I muttered some sort of confused apology and, stepping up to me, she explained, "Sorry, I shouldn't have yelled at you like that. But that car hasn't been checked yet." She went on to switch off a light which had been left on unnecessarily. Coming out from the shop I turned my head and saw her carefully wiping the spot I had

*Lei Feng (1939-1962) was a squad leader in a transport company of the People's Liberation Army. Loyal to the Party and the people, he did his best to carry out the teachings of Comrade Mao Tse-tung, constantly put others first and selflessly helped them. He died in the execution of his duties. His sayings and deeds, as well as the *Diary of Lei Feng*, are widely read and talked about among the Chinese people.

touched with her print handkerchief. There was something in her style of doing things that reminded me of Ling Hsueh-mei. But a man I asked told me her surname was not Ling.

One afternoon when all the administrative staff did a spell of manual labour, I went to the second section of the first workshop. The section chief gave me the job of welding the base of a tool. Only two or three of us had been sent to the gas welding room where the young welder, a blowpipe in his right hand and a welding rod in his left, was working with immense concentration on a rather large piece of equipment. With a sudden splutter the flame of his blowpipe "choked." He held it over a lighted incense stick, but the flame would not be coaxed out. It burned through the rubber tube instead and ran inward.

"Look out! The blowpipe's choked. Don't set fire to the oxygen cylinder in the cabin!" shouted two youngsters who had come to work there. The welder twisted and doubled up the rubber tube in the hope of cutting off the flame—but it still zipped inward. I looked up and saw the long rubber tube leading to the cabin where undoubtedly oxygen was kept. If the flame ran back and reached the oxygen, it might burn down the cabin and kill the people inside. At this critical juncture a girl leapt up and rushed like an arrow toward the cabin. Before long she came out again with the other end of the rubber tube in her hand. She made no comment, merely fixed her solemn, compelling eyes on the welder whose face was dripping with sweat. It took him some time to recover from the shock. "Whew!" he gasped at last. "Comrade Hsueh-mei, you prevented one hell of an accident."

So her name was Hsueh-mei, was it? I wondered if this was the girl I was looking for. When I asked the welder, however, I found I had misheard him. She was Yueh-mei, not Hsueh-mei.

Another evening, when I was going through some papers in the office, lightning flashed and thunder crashed just outside the window. Then came a downpour of rain. Soon hail-stones were beating against the window panes. Old Shen who was on duty that night was worried, and so was I. Was this rain getting into any of the workshops? While we were discussing this possibility, various shops

rang up to report that all was well. That reassured us. Still, I didn't go back to my quarters as I was afraid that some emergency might crop up during the storm. Sure enough, after half an hour the first workshop called up. Something queer had been spotted. Would someone from the administration office come and have a look right away?

I hurried to the place. Young Li, a green hand, was on duty for the first time. He looked very tense. As he led me to the spot he explained the situation.

"As soon as it started raining, some of the workers on the second shift helped me close all the skylights. Then I made the round of all the sections, except the assembly section which was locked, without finding any leaks. Half an hour later, though, when I went round again, something unexpected had happened."

We had reached the door by then and could see, by the light of a torch, that it was locked. Young Li led me round to a window, where I slipped and almost fell. The mud there had obviously been trampled on. Young Li raised his hand and pushed the window open. The workshop was pitch-dark, nothing could be seen from outside.

"I called you as soon as I found this," he told me tensely.

We climbed in through the window and switched on the light. The situation was just the opposite of what we had expected. True, the section looked quite different from during the daytime. The north wall was leaking, with muddy water coursing down it; but this water flowed along a gutter someone had dug till it reached the drainage outlet. Moreover, what had been a large puddle had now dried up and stacked high and dry were several dozen crates of half-finished headlamps covered with tarpaulin. When I lifted this the reflectors glinted brightly — there was not a drop of water on them. If rain had got at them, I knew, about a thousand half-finished products would have been damaged and about ten thousand *yuan* swept away by the storm.

It seemed safe to conclude that the worker who had got in through the window to safeguard state property so late at night must be a member of this section. None of these precautions could have been

taken beforehand as the day had been very fine without the least sign of rain. And sabotage seemed out of the question, as there was nothing missing or destroyed. Young Li agreed with my analysis, adding that in that case the man on duty should have been notified. I retorted that this could easily have been overlooked in such an emergency. But was our theory really correct? Who had done this good deed? We had better make inquiries among the workers the next day.

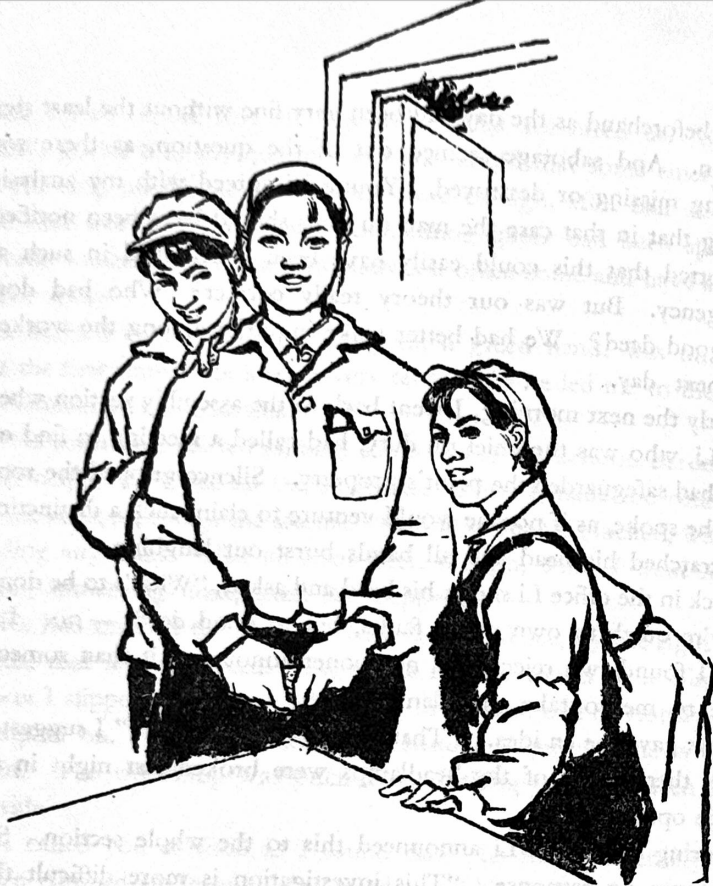
Early the next morning, I went back to the assembly section where Old Li, who was the chief on duty, had called a meeting to find out who had safeguarded the plant's property. Silence gripped the room after he spoke, as if no one would venture to claim such a distinction. Li scratched his head and all hands burst out laughing.

Back in the office Li shook his head and asked, "What's to be done? They're quick to own up to faults, but to good deeds — no. Last time I found two rejects, I'd no sooner announced it than someone came to me to take the blame."

That gave me an idea. "That's the way to handle it," I suggested. "Tell them some of the headlamps were broken last night in the rescue operation."

During the break Li announced this to the whole section. Still there was no response. "This investigation is more difficult than the one I'm handling," I thought. "Ling Hsueh-mei at least has a name, but this fellow has left no trace." I was talking it over with Li when the door was flung open and in came three girls. The one taking the lead was quite familiar to me. She was no other than the girl who had stopped me from touching the car in the general assembly shop. The one bringing up the rear had left a deep impression on me too, for she was Yueh-mei who had prevented that accident in the welding room. As for the one in the middle, she looked much the same as the other two in her general appearance and costume. Before Li could ask what they wanted, Yueh-mei declared:

"Master Li, it was we three who were in the section last night. But it was such a little thing we did, it's not worth dragging it into the limelight. Not telling the comrade on duty was wrong of us.



If we've really broken something, we're willing to accept the penalty. We hope you're serious, though, not having us on."

Li was very bucked to hear this and promptly explained, "Don't worry, girls. None of the headlamps is broken. We just wanted you to own up."

"If nothing's broken, why claim it was, Master Li? Bamboozling people is no way to work." Yueh-mei had raised her voice in mock indignation.

I felt compelled to join in at this point, and stood up to confess that I was the one to blame. Meanwhile Li handed me paper and a pen. "Come on, let's write a poster about these three girls," he urged. "I'll dictate, you write." I spread out the paper, dipped the pen in ink and listened in silence to Li. He started off:

"Fan Chiang-ling, Yang Chun-hsueh and Li Yueh-mei of the Assembly Section Braved a Storm Late at Night to Safeguard State Property. How's that for a title?"

I was more than satisfied with this heading. And when I re-read it carefully I could hardly believe my eyes — the last three characters of their names, put together, made Ling Hsueh-mei! This unexpected discovery made me put down my pen and turn to examine the three girls. Their resemblance to each other was really striking. Most likely the man who had come to see me and the people at the hospital had mistaken the three of them for one. After all my vain searching, my problem had solved itself.

"Comrade Ling Hsueh-mei, what a dance you've led me!" I exclaimed.

Li was quite at sea when the girls burst into laughter, while I hastily wrote out the poster.

Later the girls begged me not to broadcast the matter, but I felt I just had to write this story.

*Illustrated by Chang Hsi-wu
and Che Yung-jen*

Tsung Chi

The Seventh "Shanghai Spring" Music Festival

In the light of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, the Seventh "Shanghai Spring" Music Festival opened in Shanghai on May 14 this year and ended on May 31. The 200-odd revolutionary, militant song and dance items given in 38 performances won enthusiastic acclaim from an audience of more than 110,000 people, chiefly workers, peasants and soldiers, revolutionary cadres and students, while about a million more enjoyed them through broadcasts and television. This was an unprecedentedly splendid festival praising the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, a festival serving proletarian politics, serving the workers, peasants and soldiers, a festival in which many workers, peasants and soldiers took an active part to firmly occupy and extend the positions of socialist music and dance.

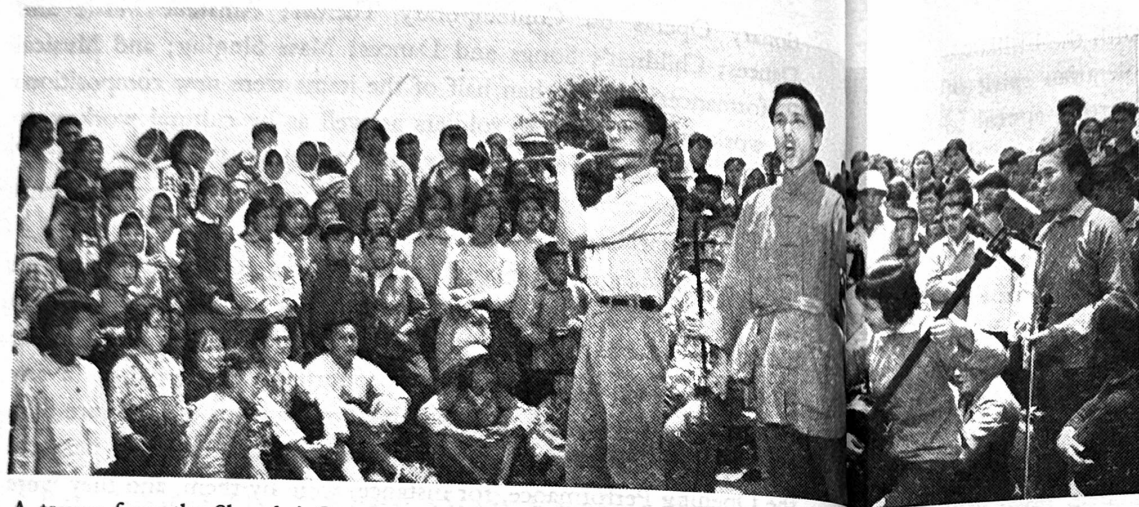
This festival comprised ten special programmes: the Opening Performance; Chairman Mao's Poems sung with dancing and acting; Songs in Praise of Heroes; Learning from Taching and Tachai; Long Live the Victory of the People's War; Songs from Revolu-

tionary Operas on Contemporary Themes; Amateur Music and Dances; Children's Songs and Dances; Mass Singing; and Musical Performances. More than half of the items were new compositions by workers, peasants and soldiers as well as by cultural workers in Shanghai; others were popular items from the last "Shanghai Spring" which had been improved upon. Then there were some fine items from other localities.

This festival bore witness to the high-tide of the great proletarian cultural revolution as militant workers, peasants and soldiers, who are the main force of this revolution, proudly took their place on the stage. They contributed a larger proportion of items than in any previous "Shanghai Spring," and about 70 per cent of the more than 4,000 performers came from their ranks. Nearly half the items in the Opening Performance, for instance, were by them, and they were also responsible for the two special programmes, Amateur Music and Dances and Mass Singing. They showed deep class feeling in their praise for the Chinese Communist Party, Chairman Mao and our socialist motherland, reflecting their own life and struggles, their great revolutionary ideals and their clear-cut militant working-class spirit.

Shanghai professionals in the fields of music, dance, opera and drama also showed in this festival the great headway they have made in recent years by studying and applying the works of Chairman Mao, going deep into fiery struggles and linking themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers in order to remould their own ideology. In addition to the many revolutionary and militant songs and dances they created in praise of workers, peasants and soldiers, they have had the courage to break through the fetters of bourgeois art and introduce innovations in methods of expression. The troupe organized by the Shanghai Conservatory of Music in the style of the Ulan Muchi* gave spirited performances at this festival too.

*Ulan Muchi is a kind of small troupe now very popular in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region. Meaning in Mongolian a "red, cultural work-team," it consists of only about a dozen performers and tours the countryside, pasturelands, factories, or army units to put on performances and do propaganda work.



A troupe from the Shanghai Conservatory of Music performing its festival items in people's commune

Through the whole festival ran the red line of the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. The Opening Performance began with the impressive symphony *Hail the Red Banner* which shows how the Chinese people are striding ahead like giants, guided by the thought of Mao Tse-tung and holding high the red banner opposing imperialism and modern revisionism and in support of world revolution. Then performers of ten different nationalities presented *All Nationalities Are Loyal to the Party*, expressing through song and dance their heartfelt love for the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman Mao.

The poems of Chairman Mao are loved and widely known in our country, and those which have been set to music are often sung by the masses. The concert devoted to the singing and acting of more than twenty of Chairman Mao's poems presented solos, singing in the Soochow *pingtan* style and chorus singing, all of which were enthusiastically received.

The poems sung by soloists of the Shanghai Conservatory of Music, the Shanghai Experimental Opera Theatre and other units included old favourites like *Snow*, *Ching Kang Mountain*, *Ode to the Plum-Blossom*, *The Immortals*, *Swimming*, *The Long March*, *Peitaiho*, *Loushan*

Pass, Farewell to the God of Plague, Against the First "Encirclement and Suppression" Campaign, *Huichang* and *Reply to Comrade Kuo Mo-jo*. But the audience was freshly stirred and deeply moved by the revolutionary passion with which the singers expressed the great thought and revolutionary spirit in these poems, their love for Chairman Mao and their eagerness to spread his thought.

The *pingtan* versions of *Shaoshan Revisited* and *The Fairy Cave* were newly composed and had a powerful impact. These two songs and the two presented as encores — *New Year's Day* and *Tapoti* — were chosen from among eight new songs by the Shanghai People's *Pingtan* Company for this festival. Improvements had also been made to the accompaniment of Chairman Mao's *Militia Women*, *Three Short*

Poems to the Melody "Shih Liu Tzu Ling" and *Farewell to the God of Plague*, which were excellently sung. The Shanghai Choir's impressive renderings of *The Capture of Nanking by the People's Liberation Army*, *Shaoshan Revisited*, *Tapoti* and *The Long March* also delighted the audience with their revolutionary verve.

The fundamental task of our socialist literature and art is the creation of heroic characters of workers, peasants and soldiers armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Two performances were given in this festival of Songs in Praise of Heroes, which sang the great communist fighters Lei Feng, Wang Chieh and Ouyang Hai; the staunch proletarian hero Mai Hsien-teh; the model county Party secretary Chiao Yu-lu, a good pupil of Chairman Mao; the "iron man" of the Taching oilfield, Wang Chin-hsi; Party secretary Chen Yung-kuei of Tachai, who led the peasants of his commune to transform nature; Chao Hsiao-shou of the Chinese Embassy in Indonesia who unflinchingly protected our national flag; Tsai Tsu-chuan, Yang Fu-chen, Yang Huai-yuan and others who have distinguished themselves in Shanghai by the way they put into practice what they have learned from studying Chairman Mao's works.

These heroic images of our socialist age, radiant with the brilliance of Mao Tse-tung's thought and filled with the proletarian spirit of continuous and thoroughgoing revolution, made a strong appeal to the audience. And this was one of the outstanding features of this festival.

Iron Man Wang, sung by two tenors, recounted some of the heroic deeds of Wang Chin-hsi, leader of a drilling team to open up the Taching oilfield, who battled hard with his mates, exposed to the elements on the far-stretching grassland, to build up the oil industry by relying on their own efforts. The melodies, based on vigorous northern folk tunes, aptly expressed the splendid spirit of the Taching men who while working on the oilfield have the whole world in mind, their revolutionary optimism, and their pride in putting up with hardships for the sake of the revolution.

The woman soloist who sang *Daring to Make Sun and Moon Shine in New Skies* began with a rousing melody which carried the audience to the flourishing Tachai hills after their transformation, and Chen Yung-kuei, the hero of Tachai, appeared as a towering figure in the proud, passionate music. He was the man who led the peasants there to build a big dam in the frosty winter, to level hills, carry the stones off with carrying-poles, and wield their pickaxes to build terraced fields for grain. This song about self-reliance in the hard struggle against nature made a strong impact on the audience.

More than ninety performers from six different types of drama, including Peking opera, *kunchu* opera, Shanghai opera, Shaohsing opera, comic drama and the modern drama, sang *Sing of Wang Chieh, Learn from Wang Chieh* — seven stirring songs depicting the glorious life of this great revolutionary soldier who feared neither hardships nor death, and the millions of young people who inspired by his revolutionary spirit are following in his steps to struggle for the victory of the revolution in our country and in the world.

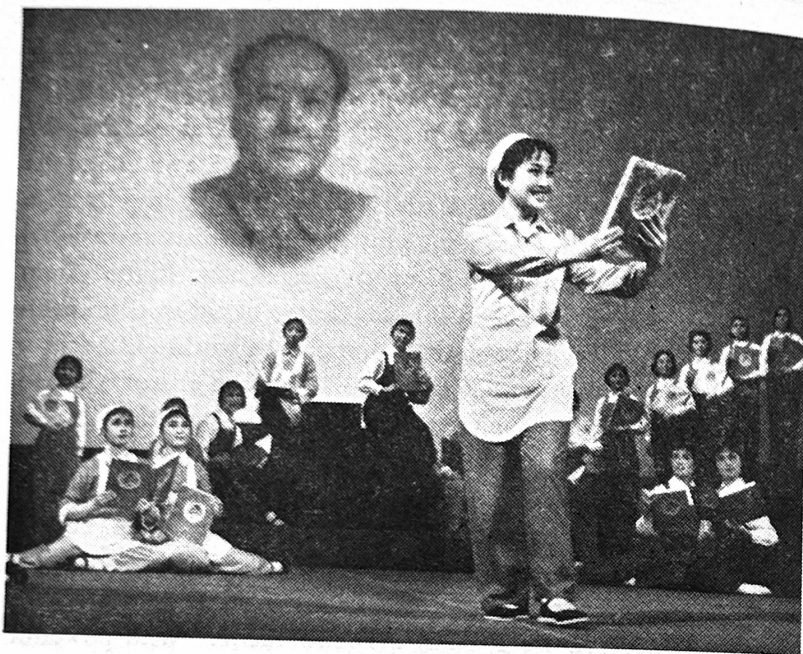
Forward, Glorious Workers of Shanghai, a cantata in eight parts with acting, performed by more than 200 professional singers and dancers, showed the heroic Shanghai workers using Mao Tse-tung's thought as a lantern to light their way and using their own hands to transform Shanghai into an advanced industrial and technological

base. It gave unstinted praise to their thoroughgoing proletarian revolutionary spirit, their self-reliance and hard work to overcome difficulties of every kind.

These items eulogizing heroes were the first-fruits reaped by Shanghai musicians after carrying out the line on literature and art laid down by the Party and Chairman Mao and going deep into the life and struggles of the workers, peasants and soldiers to remould their thoughts and feelings. Many musicians have learned from experience that if they want to sing the heroes of our workers, peasants and soldiers, they must study and apply the works of Chairman Mao and remould their world outlook and views on art according to the thought of Mao Tse-tung, integrate themselves with these heroes so as to share their thoughts and feelings, and learn from them and take them as their examples.

Another splendid programme, *Long Live the Victory of the People's War*, embodied Chairman Mao's thought on people's war. It presented seven scenes from the stirring dance of the Long March *The Red Army Fears Not the Trials of a Distant March*. With powerful revolutionary sweep this dance acclaimed the great victory of the worker-peasant Red Army's Long March under the guidance of the thought of Mao Tse-tung, showing the Red Army's incomparable revolutionary heroism, revolutionary optimism and strong determination to overcome all the difficulties on the way. Bold technical innovations were made in this dance to meet the needs of the revolutionary content by adapting features of traditional dancing, folk dancing and dances of the national minorities.

The symphony *Paeon of Wind and Thunder* and the symphonic poem *Battle of Pinghsingkuan Pass* were spirited and militant compositions. The central theme of the former was the quotation from Chairman Mao "The Four Seas are rising, clouds and water raging; the Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder roaring," which describes the anti-U.S. imperialist storm in Asia, Africa and Latin America and praises the revolutionary struggle of the peoples of the world. *The Battle of Pinghsingkuan Pass* sang the splendid victory there of the Eighth Route Army against the Japanese aggressors under the guidance of the great military thought of Chairman Mao. This work



A scene from *Forward, Glorious Workers of Shanghai!*

used and improved on such popular revolutionary songs of that period as *The March of the Eighth Route Army* and *The Army and the People*. Based on the requirements of the content, this work broke away successfully from the conventional structure of orchestral music.

Other special programmes, especially Amateur Music and Dances and Mass Singing, had their distinctive features too. Thus the concert of Amateur Music and Dances was presented by more than a thousand workers, peasants, Liberation Army men, students and children, who had produced most of their items themselves. Singing about and acting out their own lives, they put such genuine feeling and enthusiasm into their performances that they took the audience of more than ten thousand by storm.

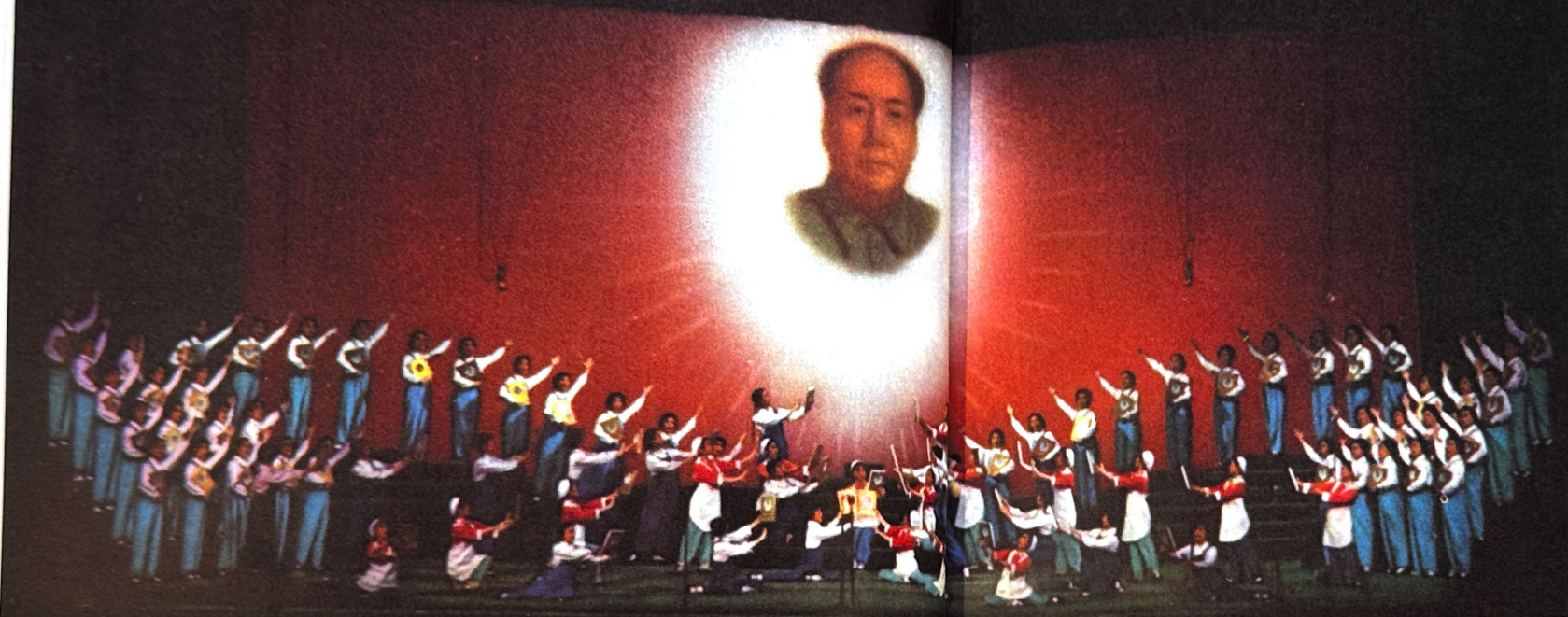
The great thought of Mao Tse-tung is the acme of present-day Marxism-Leninism, it is living Marxism-Leninism at its highest, the



Militia Women A poem by Mao Tse-tung recited in the Soochow *ping-tan* style by Yu Hung-hsien, Shih Wen-lei, Sun Shu-ying, Shen Wei-chen and Shen Shih-hua

Stage Photographs of the "Shanghai Spring" Music Festival

高举毛泽东思想的伟大红旗奋勇前进！



▲ **The Light That Points Out Our Way** A scene from *Forward, Glorious Workers of Shanghai!* performed by the Shanghai Experimental Opera Theatre, the Shanghai Choir and the Shanghai Film Orchestra

Thinking of the Consumers As We Grow Vegetables A song with acting sung by women members of Hungchiao People's Commune on the outskirts of Shanghai ►



Marching into Tsunyi A scene from the dance pageant *The Red Army Fears Not the Trials of a Distant March* performed by teachers and students of the Shanghai Dance School



most powerful ideological weapon for the people of China and the world to defeat imperialism, modern revisionism and all reactionaries. We must embody it in music, dance and all literature and art. This is the Party principle of proletarian literature and art, the most significant feature distinguishing proletarian literature and art from those of all other classes. This is the most important task of revolutionary workers in the fields of literature and art.

In this festival Shanghai's workers, peasants, soldiers and revolutionary professional singers, dancers and musicians performed songs and dances which powerfully projected Mao Tse-tung's thought. Besides singing the poems of Chairman Mao so dear to the Chinese people, in all their items in these special programmes they eulogized Chairman Mao as the red sun in our hearts, and expressed our reliance on the thought of Mao Tse-tung in our revolutionary tasks. Some items reflected Chairman Mao's glorious teaching that we must never forget the class struggle; others expressed his ideas that the masses are the true heroes, that people's war is the most effective weapon against imperialism and its lackeys. Yet others reflected his teachings on building the country through thrift and diligence, by hard work and self-reliance. At the same time they gave enthusiastic praise to the Chinese people armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought, especially the worker, peasant and soldier heroes who, with daring and revolutionary heroism, are bringing about stupendous changes. They paid tribute to the glorious achievements won on every front in our socialist revolution and socialist construction under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought, and the infinite love and respect for Chairman Mao of the people of various nationalities. The workers, peasants and soldiers who heard Chairman Mao's poems sung at this festival proposed that some of his sayings should be set to music too, in order to spread them more widely.

It was heart-warming to see that the workers, peasants and soldiers from the front-lines of production and struggle fully demonstrated their might as the main force of the great socialist revolution in this "Shanghai Spring" Music Festival, making it shine with the splendour of the socialist age.

Other items staged by workers in this festival included *The Works of Chairman Mao Shine with a Golden Light*, which showed with deep class feeling how they are applying their study of Mao Tse-tung's thought to daily life; and *Charge, Charge, to Carve out Our Own Path*, which showed how guided by Chairman Mao's thought they have worked hard, relying on their own efforts, to blaze a new trail in industry, science and technology and reach international standards. Peasants from the Shanghai suburbs put on an item, *Three Electric Wires Have Reached the Countryside*, reflecting the flourishing state of the new socialist countryside in the light of Mao Tse-tung's thought. *Fighting with Bayonets* by Shanghai soldiers testified to the invincible heroism of the people's fighters armed with Mao Tse-tung's thought. All these items reflected the fiery revolutionary struggles and life of the workers, peasants and soldiers, their revolutionary daring and determination to win victory. They were a profound expression of their complete faith in the great thought of Mao Tse-tung.

Special notice should be paid to the fact that workers, peasants and soldiers were very active in making comments and suggestions during this festival. More than a hundred of them took part in some dozen discussions and commented eagerly on the items performed; many wrote reviews to the press, sent letters or made telephone calls offering suggestions to the performers. They voiced enthusiastic support for many items and pointed out certain shortcomings in others on the basis of Chairman Mao's instructions on literary and art criticism, putting the political criterion first and the artistic criterion second.

The participation of so many workers, peasants and soldiers in all aspects of the festival was in itself an epoch-making event in the political struggle on the cultural front. They proved themselves worthy vanguards of the great proletarian cultural revolution.

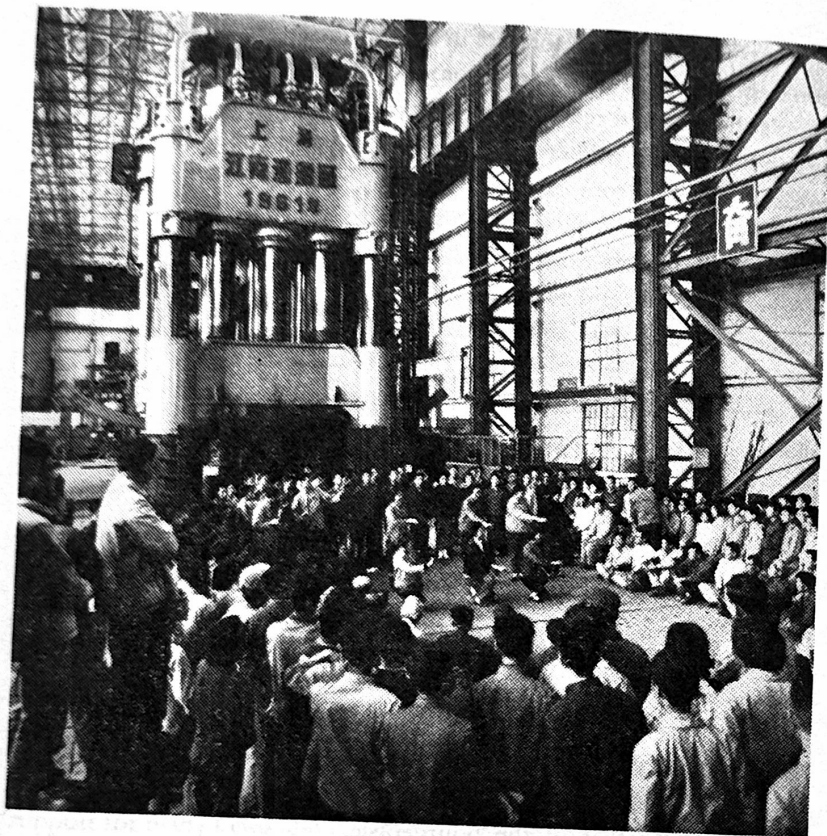
Chairman Mao has said, "All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers; they are created for the workers, peasants and soldiers and are for their use." (*Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art*, 1942) This music festival has followed the instructions of Chairman Mao. The better to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, the professionals taking part in the festival first spent nine days perform-

ing in concert halls and theatres in the city, then for another nine days took their best revolutionary songs and dances praising Mao Tse-tung's thought and reflecting the fiery struggles and life of the workers, peasants and soldiers to the factories, countryside and garrison areas, to the forefront of production and the struggle.

By moving their stage to grass-roots levels, these professional literary and art workers came into closer contact with the heroism of the workers, peasants and soldiers in their construction and defence of the motherland, and were able to learn from them and hear more of their opinions at first hand. This experience showed that the best way to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers is by performing revolutionary songs and dances directly to them; and only after these items have been examined and modified by the workers, peasants and soldiers can they become works which the masses really love.

This festival also illustrated a most important truth: To create and promote socialist music and dance, bourgeois "authorities" and the fallacies that they spread must be thoroughly defeated. Without destruction there can be no construction. If certain things are not thoroughly overthrown, others cannot be truly established. Destruction comes first and construction follows in the course of destruction. This is a life-and-death political struggle between the two fundamentally different roads of the music and dance art of the proletariat and that of the bourgeoisie.

The music and dances at this festival, which eulogized the great thought of Mao Tse-tung, expressed the spirit of the proletarian revolution and were enthusiastically acclaimed by the workers, peasants and soldiers, dealt a crushing, knock-out blow against bourgeois "authorities." Such people dread to see the great thought of Mao Tse-tung and proletarian heroes praised in music and dance or other fields of literature and art, but they dare not say so outright. Instead they often wave "red flags" to oppose the red flag, in an attempt to rob music and dance and other forms of literature and art of their proletarian class character, maintaining that "the workers, peasants and soldiers have too little culture to appreciate music," or "music is an art that appeals to the emotions which all human beings have in common." They loudly advocate their erroneous ideas about



Performing for the workers — in the background is the 12,000-ton hydraulic press

the "mystery" of music and claim that "music is above classes," to negate the partisan principle of music and dance and hide the bourgeois reactionary nature of their decadent, rotten compositions to poison the minds of the people. Revolutionary singers, musicians and dancers must draw a clear demarcation line between themselves and these bourgeois "authorities" and "experts." They must use the viewpoint of class analysis to thoroughly expose the ugly nature of the compositions which those "authorities" try to pass off as "graceful, enchanting melodies," and stop them from using these bourgeois tunes to corrupt the spirit of the revolutionary people,

thoroughly debunking all their mistaken views. Only then can we create a great new socialist music and dance imbued with lofty revolutionary passion.

Starting from revolutionary content and the needs of the workers, peasants and soldiers, these festival items broke with the conventions set up by bourgeois "authorities" and introduced many innovations. In the Mass Singing nearly two thousand workers, peasants and soldiers sang loudly of the great Chinese Communist Party, our motherland and our great leader Chairman Mao. Their powerful voices expressed pride and genuine feeling. For although they had received no special training their intense love for the Party and Chairman Mao and their strong revolutionary feeling made them sing whole-heartedly for the revolution, and as a result their singing was powerfully moving.

To marshal a force of revolutionary writers and artists armed with the thought of Mao Tse-tung who will always be true to the Party, has become a most urgent political task at present.

The success of this festival shows that Shanghai's song and dance circles are undergoing a welcome transformation. A youthful, revolutionary army of singers, dancers and musicians is rapidly growing up. Amateur worker, peasant and soldier performers, in particular, are mounting the stage in large numbers. Resolutely carrying out Chairman Mao's teachings, they have taken up the weapon of literature and art to serve the three great revolutionary movements of the class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, and have fundamentally changed the ranks of singers, musicians and dancers in Shanghai.

Many of the participants in this festival have learned this profound lesson from the great proletarian cultural revolution: To be a revolutionary fighter in the ranks of socialist writers and artists, one must always believe firmly in the thought of Mao Tse-tung, remain loyal to the Party, and never forget the class struggle and proletarian dictatorship or the need to put politics first and to raise high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought. One must change one's own subjective world before changing the objective world; one must change one's world outlook before changing one's view of art; and

one must change one's way of life before changing one's ideology. Only when these changes are brought about can an artist have a common language with the workers, peasants and soldiers and share their feelings. Only then can he create and perform works which will be loved by the masses.



Chronicle

Exhibition of Worker, Peasant, Soldier Art

During the high-tide of the great proletarian cultural revolution in our country, an exhibition of the worker, peasant, soldier art of Shansi Province was recently held in Taiyuan. An outstanding feature of this exhibition was the stress laid on propagating the thought of Mao Tse-tung in more than 120 exhibits including traditional paintings, New-Year pictures, posters, woodcuts, serialized pictures, cartoons and scissor-cuts. These works fully conveyed the infinite love of the workers, peasants and soldiers for the Communist Party and Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Many of them gave graphic, moving pictures of the different ways in which the masses are going all out to study the works of Chairman Mao. Examples of these were the posters by the young worker Hsi Ching-yu entitled *Putting Politics First Is the Most Important Thing of All, To Carry on the Proletarian Revolution, the First Thing Is to Put Mao Tse-tung's Thought into Practice*, and *When Difficulties Arise Think of Chairman Mao's Teaching*; and the woodcut by the peasants Yen Chao-wu and Chang Chi-huang *Before Going to Work*, which showed a spirited old poor peasant putting the works of Chairman Mao in his pocket as he sets off to work, making it clear how much he treasures them. Other exhibits like the New-Year pictures *The Placard for Chairman Mao's Sayings* and *Spring Sowing*, and the woodcut *An Old Couple Study the Works of Chairman Mao* were outstanding treatments of this important theme.

Other works in this exhibition presented the heroic images of workers, peasants and soldiers in our socialist age. Thus the series of fourteen woodcuts *The Five-Good Workers*, made collectively by workers of Taiyuan, were portraits of real model workers on the industrial front in that city and magnificently expressed the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of the Chinese proletariat. Hu Ju-kao, a peasant, contributed the New-Year picture *The Pillars of Society*, which was a heartfelt tribute to the poor and lower-middle peasants who are the backbone of agricultural production and the class struggle. The soldier Chao Ching's woodcut *When the Bayonet Is Bent* depicted the revolutionary heroism and unyielding resistance to the enemy of the men of the liberation army. *Cooking in the Open, Skill, First Sharpen the Ideological Weapon* and other works also took their subjects from army life, showing how our soldiers and militia use Mao Tse-tung's thought as their weapon, firmly grasping their rifles and always fully prepared to annihilate the enemy.

Most of the spare-time worker, peasant, soldier artists represented here were exhibiting for the first time, inspired by the fiery struggles of real life and the revolutionary spirit of the labouring masses to depict this ever-changing great age in art; and their works showed the fighting spirit of the workers, peasants and soldiers who are the main force in the cultural revolution.

A Singing Recital in Yen-an

Recently young workers, peasants and soldiers in Yen-an, historic centre of the Chinese revolution, held a singing recital to commemorate the 24th anniversary of the publication of Chairman Mao's epoch-making work *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*.

The prelude to this recital was the revolutionary song *The East Is Red*. Several dozen commune members wearing towels on their heads in the style of the local peasants gave a powerful rendering of this song:

Red in the east rises the sun,
In China appears a Mao Tse-tung;
He works for the people's welfare,
He is the people's great saviour.

The peasants here have been singing this song ever since they first learned it in 1943, for it truthfully expresses the labouring people's boundless love for the Party and Chairman Mao. It is now one of the most popular revolutionary songs in all China and among the revolutionary peoples of the world.

Every item of this recital was sung with deep class feeling and enthusiastic praise for the great thought of Mao Tse-tung. The women's choir of the Yen-an Handicrafts Factory sang *Exquisite Embroidery of Yen-an Scenery* to voice the deep devotion of Yen-an workers to Chairman Mao. *Under Pagoda Hill the Yen River Flows Clear*, sung by peasants of Liulin Commune, listed their splendid achievements in transforming nature and increasing production under the guidance of Mao Tse-tung's thought. Most of these revolutionary songs were composed by the people of Yen-an County themselves, raising high the great red banner of Mao Tse-tung's thought and overcoming the old superstitious reverence for bourgeois "authorities." In the last two years they have produced and performed more than two hundred items all reflecting their work, struggles and life.

New Documentary Film "A Sea-Borne Cultural Work Team"

The new coloured documentary *A Sea-Borne Cultural Work Team* presents the work of the cultural team of the PLA garrison in Canton which travels from island to island off the coast to meet the cultural needs of the soldiers there. The twenty-one members of this team have been praised as the "light cavalry of culture." Their performances are eagerly looked forward to and they have helped the troops on different islands in the South China Sea to organize their own entertainments and actively propagate the thought of Mao Tse-tung. This film records the persistence with which members of this team study the works of Chairman Mao, take part in the soldiers' training and work, and learn from the troops in a determined effort to remould their world outlook and integrate themselves with the workers, peasants and soldiers. A high-light of the film is the heart-warming scene in which Ho Lung and Tao Chu, both vice-premiers of the State Council, receive members of this work team. This cultural

work team, loyal to the thought of Mao Tse-tung, has been extremely successful in carrying out the Party's directives on literature and art.

Paintings by Young Artists

The All-China Exhibition of Paintings by Young Artists shown this summer in the National Art Gallery in Peking presented more than two hundred paintings by children from schools and kindergartens in different provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions all over China. The age of the artists ranged from five to sixteen, and although they dealt with a wide variety of subjects, they shared one common feature: All expressed Chinese children's love for the Communist Party, for Chairman Mao and for new China. For example, *Chairman Mao Is the Sun in Our Hearts* by eleven-year-old Wan Lu-ping of Peking showed children of various nationalities surrounding Chairman Mao and cheering, conveying the infinite love of Chinese children for our great leader. *We Are Sunflowers and the Sun Is the Communist Party* by Wang Chao of Peking's 39th Middle School with its sturdy sunflowers facing the brilliant sun graphically symbolized the healthy growth of China's younger generation in the light of the Party and Chairman Mao. Many vivid paintings showed children eagerly studying the works of Chairman Mao, as in *An Evening Discussion, In the Railway Waiting-Room, Before the Contest, Granny and I* and *The Whole Family Studies the Works of Chairman Mao*. Other works drew their themes from the part played by youngsters and children in the present great proletarian cultural revolution. These young artists gave proof of rich imagination in their fresh, enthusiastic depiction of the gigantic achievements in various fields of socialist construction in our land. Many of them came from worker and peasant families, and their paintings of the factories, mining areas and people's communes where their parents work had a powerful appeal.

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